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THE POWDER MILL DETECTIVE

OR A MILLION DOLLAR CASE FOR THE GOVERNMENT

BY EDWARD STRAYER.

CHAPTER I.

A CALL FOR CARL COLES.

"Well, that's great. I would like to have been there myself."

The man who uttered the above words was Carl Coles, the celebrated Washington detective.

Carl Coles was seated in his private office, his feet cocked up on his desk, a cigar in his mouth and a copy of the Washington Post in his hands.

He had just been reading the particulars of Dewey's great victory at Manila.

Carl Coles, although he had German blood in him, was an American through and

Carl Coles felt a stinging sensation in his left arm.

through, and took much interest in the American-Spanish conflict.

Nearly all his life had been spent in and around Washington, and he knew many of our leading politicians, as well as military and naval men.

He had become acquainted with Admiral Dewey, then commodore, two years before, and a warm friendship between the pair made the present news of particular interest to him.

"Hang me if I don't send George my congratulations," he cried, enthusiastically.

Had Carl Coles been free to do as he pleased, his office would have been closed, and he would have been among the soldiers at Tampa, perparing for the invasion of Cuba.

But Carl Coles was a busy man. No sooner was one case brought to a close than another presented itself for solution. He worked seven days in a week and nights in the bargain.

The explanation of this was a simple one. Carl Coles was one of the best detectives, not alone in the United States, but in the old world. His specialty was government cases—counterfeiting, smuggling, pension frauds and the like, and no man had been more successful than this same Carl Coles, the "humble little man in blue," as his friends sometimes styled him.

He was a small man, standing less than five feet six inches in height, and his weight was not over one hundred and twenty pounds.

But what this wonderful detective lacked in size he made up in strength. His muscles were as of iron, and woe to the evildoer who once got into his grasp.

Single-handed, he had once dragged two full-grown and desperate criminals to jail, and for this exploit the criminal fraternity had nicknamed him "Coles, the Bulldog."

Coles was rich and could easily have retired, but detective work was his hobby, and he could not think of giving it up.

He had two assistants, Racer and Lark, and to these men he turned over all matters of secondary importance.

Racer was now in Philadelphia finishing up a pension fraud case Carl had unraveled, while Lark was floating around the capitol, attending to various things.

Carl had just taken up the newspaper again when a well-known step sounded in the hallway beyond the office, a footstep accompanied by a low, musical whistle. When through duty Lark could not walk without whistling.

"You're wanted," said Lark, as he bustled in and hung up his slouch hat.

"Who wants me now?" queried Carl.

"Don't know. I met Scales of the war department and he said to tell you to come over immediately."

"The war department? Humph! Do they want me to go to the front?"

"Guess they want you to find Cervera's fleet," grinned Lark. He was bound to have his joke at all times.

"Sampson or Schley will find that Spanish fleet, all right enough," resumed Carl, arising and reaching for his hat. "Was I to ask for Scales?"

"No, you were to wait in the third assistant's office until called for."

"All right. When the mail comes in, Lark, you can look it over and see if there is anything of importance in it."

"I will."

Carl left the office, ran down the broad staircase and emerged upon the sidewalk of Pennsylvania avenue. The walk to the war department did not take long, and he soon found his way to the room occupied by the third assistant.

War times had made this department a busy one, and Carl found the room half full of men, all there on special business of some kind.

He sat down in a corner and continued to read his newspaper, which he had brought along.

The guard on duty there knew him well, so he was asked no questions. Had he wanted to, Carl could have walked into the treasury itself without being molested.

A half hour went by, and the detective had about finished his paper when an attendant touched him on the shoulder.

"This way, please," he said, in a low tone, and Carl followed him immediately.

They walked through half a dozen departments, then into a narrow passageway, and, by a rear door, into the private apartment of the secretary of war.

"How are you, Mr. Coles," said the secretary, shaking hands. "I am very busy and have but a few minutes to spare. Can you take up a case for us at once?"

"I can, Mr. Secretary," answered Carl. He knew the thing must be important or he would not have called.

"The thing must be kept strictly private——"

"Between the government and myself and my assistants, I understand."

"It is a peculiar case and may turn out full of surprises for us," went on the secretary.

Carl bowed, and the official brought forth two letters.

"The case is one relating to the powder mills at Laurel Bend. As you perhaps know, the mills there are now running night and day, and the government has stored there powder worth about one million dollars."

"Yes."

"We have been fearful right along that an attempt might be made by Spanish sympathizers to blow up the mills and storehouses, and now I feel certain that some sort of a plot is afoot to do that very thing."

"The mills are guarded?"

"To be sure—not only by the regular guards belonging there, but by a battalion of soldiers who maintain a picket line around the works, to keep all strangers at least half a mile away. It would be a great advantage to the Spanish to have the mills at Laurel Bend blown up, for they are the only mills manufacturing a certain kind of powder used in some of our new high-power guns. At present we have very little of this powder, and if the mills were wrecked these guns would be next to useless to us."

"And you think the regular guards and the soldiers cannot do the work desired?"

"They can do all they are called upon to do—keep outsiders out. But neither a powder-mill guard nor a soldier can prevent the wrecking of the mills and storehouses if——"

The secretary of war paused and looked at Carl in a peculiar manner.

"I understand—if the criminal is to be found not outside but inside the lines," finished the great detective.

"Exactly. Mind, I do not say any of our men are unfaithful; I simply raise the question, if it were so, what then? Here are two letters we have received during the past week."

The secretary of war handed over first one communication and then the other.

Both were postmarked River Bend, the nearest postoffice station to the hamlet of Laurel Bend, and each was written in a heavy, masculine hand.

The first ran as follows:

"To His Honorable, the Secretary of War, Washington.—Dear Sir: I am a soldier doing duty at Laurel Bend, watching the powder mills. I want to warn you that the mills is going to be blowed up soon. I can't make no particular mention of the party that is going to do it, but it will be done if it ain't stopped.

"AMERICAN SOLDIER."

The second communication was in a similar strain:

"To His Honorable, the Secretary of War, Washington:—I wrote before that the Laurel Bend powder mills was to be blowed up, and I want to warn you again. I am going to clear out, because I don't want to lose my life just yet. I am afraid to say who will be guilty, afraid he may kill me for telling, but it ain't no Spaniard nor no outsider. It's a devilish American, and he wears a soldier suit at that. I hope you will stop the thing. If you do I will help prove him guilty when you bring him up in court.

"AMERICAN SOLDIER, AND TRUE BLUE."

CHAPTER II.

CARL TAKES THE POWDER MILLS CASE.

"What do you think of them?" questioned the secretary of war, when Carl had finished the reading.

"They are either a hoax or the well-meant efforts of an ignorant volunteer who has some information but not enough to warrant his accusing the guilty party, for fear he may only get himself into trouble."

"Exactly, Mr. Coles. But there is more information. Two days ago I received a cipher telegram from our manager at the mill, Mr. Paul Somers. In the telegram he asked that the guards be increased around Laurel Bend, as several of the workmen are growing suspicious. They say their tools have been tampered with. More than that, some matches were found one morning upon the floor of one of the storehouses. You know no matches are allowed anywhere within the danger limit, several hundred feet away."

"And you want me to take hold of this case and bring the supposed guilty parties to justice?"

"I want you to save the mills and the powder. Our government cannot afford to lose them. Go about the work in your own way and hire what assistants you need. Of course you know the danger of the task."

"Never mind the danger," answered Carl.

"Good. My mind will be easy, for I know I can depend upon you. If you wish any information from this department after today, Mr. Scales will give it to you, for I must attend to other matters of even greater importance."

By this time several others were waiting to see the secretary, so Carl took his leave.

Outside the hallway he met Nathan Scales, who was evidently waiting for him.

"Have you taken the powder mills case, Coles?" asked the government official.

"Yes."

"Did the secretary give you those letters?"

"Yes."

"They look like hoaxes to me," went on Scales. "What do you think of them?"

"It's a toss-up between their being hoaxes or being genuine," answered Carl.

"Are you going down to Laurel Bend?" went on Scales, with interest, but in apparently an off-hand manner.

"Why, of course. How could I——"

"I mean are you going right away?"

"Can't say. I don't know yet. Why?"

"Why—er—I only asked, that's all," stammered Scales. "The secretary has turned his end of the case over to me, you know."

"So he said. Well, Scales, I don't know what I'll do. You'll hear from me soon."

So speaking, Carl bowed himself out and left the government building.

Scales watched him out of sight. There was a grim look on his long, thin face.

"Hang the luck, why couldn't the old man have taken my advice and put Bill Spency on this case?" he muttered.

What his words meant will be seen later.

As Carl hurried back to his private offices he did some rapid thinking.

He knew he was undertaking a ticklish job. Danger confronted him upon two sides—the danger that leads often to death.

He felt certain that the enemies of the government would not hesitate to kill him should they discover him at work against them.

On the other hand he might find himself around the mills or the storehouses just at the fatal moment when all should sail skyward, blown into a billion atoms.

Should he succeed in frustrating any design upon the powder mills he would be doing more than saving property.

During the day fully two hundred hands were at work around the mills, while at night the guards and watchmen numbered at least twenty to twenty-five, not counting the soldiers stationed on the outside of the grounds.

A blow-up would mean the loss not only of property but of many lives.

"I'll do my best on this case," he murmured, as he re-entered the office where he had left Lark.

"An important case, Lark," he said, dropping into a seat. "When can I catch a train for River Bend?"

Lark hauled out a heap of time-tables and consulted one of them.

"In exactly thirty-five minutes."

"Good. That will just give me time in which to get ready."

Carl leaped up and opened a large closet, filled with paraphernalia of the detective profession.

As he packed a handy grip he told Lark of the case in hand.

"It may be I shall want help. If I do I'll call on you or Racer, or perhaps both of you," he concluded.

"I'll be on hand," answered the assistant.

When Carl left his private office, bound for the railroad station, he was dressed as a typical traveling man, who, sample case in hand, was out for business.

Boarding a car, he was soon at the depot, and procuring a ticket, he turned away to enter the train.

As he did so he came face to face with a burly individual who had been looking over his shoulder.

"Ah—excuse," stammered the stranger, for he had stepped on Carl's foot.

"That's all right, only be more careful," answered the detective, for the weight had been heavy.

The burly man scowled, muttered something under his breath, and turned away.

"I've seen that man before," mused Carl, as he boarded the train, sought the smoking car and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

He could not get the fellow out of his mind, and at last began to think over all the people he knew in order to locate him. He had not gone alone his criminal list far when suddenly his eyes brightened.

"Tim Stone, alias Tim the Giant," he murmured. "I thought he was doing time up in New York State."

The man to whom Carl Coles referred was a notorious blackmailer and thief who had been in prison a dozen times or more.

Carl had once run up against Tim the Giant in a counterfeiting case, and through the detective the rascal had had two years more of prison life to serve.

Carl had not seen him for six years, and much had happened in between, so it was not to be wondered at that he had not instantly recognized Tim Stone.

"I wonder what he would have said had he recognized me?" thought the detective, as the train moved off on its journey westward.

(Continued on second page.)

KALOCZSKY'S FLIGHT.

Why and How His Pursuers Were Left to Rail at Stupidity and Fate.

I had gone off duty one day and was sitting comfortably at home discussing a pipe of tobacco and the evening paper, when there came a gentleman to the door asking if Mr. Robson was in—that's me, sir. As we weren't usually favored with overmany visitors, I had been sitting in my shirt sleeves, and only had time to slip on my coat and make myself a little more presentable before my wife showed him in.

"Good-evening, Mr. Robson," he said, when she had gone out again and closed the door. "You drive the midday express from St. Pancras as far as Leicester, don't you? The famous Paris exhibition engine, if I remember rightly?"

"Correct in both particulars, sir," I replied, wondering what this beginning would lead up to.

"She's a good engine, Mr. Robson?"

"Not a doubt about that, sir."

"To say nothing of her driver, eh?" he rejoined, with a laugh. He was a pleasant-looking, youngish man, and dressed in a fashion which said plainly that he was well-to-do. "What, now, do you think she could do in the way of speed, at a pinch, Mr. Dobson?"

"Well, that's a difficult question. You see, it all depends upon circumstances."

"Quite so, quite so. I suppose, though, you could manage sixty miles an hour?"

"Well, possibly; but it all depends, as I said before."

He could see that I was not inclined to discuss the question, and changed the subject.

"Ah! Well, I mustn't take up your time with idle questions; let's come to business. You're not a rich man, Mr. Robson, and I dare say a couple of ten-pound notes would be acceptable?"

"To nobody more so, sir, if they're to be come by honestly."

"Good; that's how I like to hear a man speak. What I called to see you about is this: I have to go down to Liverpool by the midday tomorrow, but for certain reasons I'm anxious not to be seen at St. Pancras. You see, I'm frank with you. Now, this is what I have come to propose. Pull the train up for a minute at some quiet little spot where I can join it unobserved—say Hendon—and those two 'tenners' that I spoke of are yours. Eh! What do you say?"

"Sorry, sir, but it can't be done. The bribes' tempting enough, but——"

"Can't is a word that I never employ, Mr. Robson. Suppose we say thirty. When Kaloczs—h'm—er—ahem—I didn't intend that; but there, the cat's out of the bag now. Yes, you needn't look so astonished; I'm Kaloczsky. Now you know why I wish to leave London quietly. Come, shall we say thirty, and ten for the guard?"

I shook my head.

"No? Fifty, then? I'm prepared to pay handsomely, you see," he added, evidently believing my hesitation to be a matter of cupidity.

"No, sir; it's no good. Fifty pounds is fifty pounds to me, goodness only knows; but the thing's impossible. No, it's no use your pressing me; I won't do it, and that's flat," I said, bringing my fist down on the table with an emphatic thump.

He seemed considerably crestfallen at my refusal, and walked up and down the room several times, muttering to himself. I caught such expressions as "confoundedly awkward," "must catch that boat," "impossible to leave before twelve," and then suddenly he seemed to recollect himself and apologized.

"Pardon my stupidity, Mr. Robson; I forgot for the moment. Look here, you're a man of discretion. If you can't do that other little favor for me, at any rate you can hold your tongue." I felt a scrap of paper placed in my hand, and a second later he had opened the door and gone.

It all happened so quickly that I had no time to say anything. I saw that it was a ten-pound note I held; this, then, was the price of my silence. But I felt far from comfortable about it. Probably you recollect the Kaloczsky series of robberies; at any rate, you must have heard of them at the time. I had—everybody had—and the latest of all was the most daring; a barefaced capture in broad daylight of a lot of bonds and valuable securities on their way to the Bank of England.

Plainly my duty was to inform the authorities, and speedily, too, if I wished the information to be of any service. I put my

"I got out on the engine to oil her."

hat on straight away and hurried to the nearest police station; and when I had got rid of my tale I breathed again more freely.

When I got down to the shed next day to look over my engine before starting out, I found a defective bolt in one of the rods. It was not a big thing to repair, but it would take just long enough to prevent us from being ready to work the midday, and so I should not see the arrest of Kaloczsky after all. It was strange I hadn't noticed the flaw when we put the engine away the previous night; but there it was now, unmistakably.

There was nothing but to report how matters stood to Mr. Welburn, the superintendent—which I did; and another engine was sent into St. Pancras to work the train.

It would be about twenty minutes past one when he bustled back into the yard, followed by a dapper little individual carrying a black bag in his hand. The small, ferrety eyes and close-cropped hair of the latter gave him a prematurely sharp appearance; and when he spoke his words came so rapidly as to give one the impression that he was talking in a series of jerks. It didn't require much experience in face reading to observe that Mr. Welburn was considerably disturbed by something. I soon learned what it was.

"Is that rod repaired, Robson?" he shouted, before he got to where I was working. "How soon can you be ready to leave?"

As it chanced I had just completed the repair.

"Ten minutes, sir; only want to coal up, and then we're right."

"Off you go and get it, then, sharp." He turned to his companion and I heard him saying: "That's the best I can do for you, and if you can pass the express at Marple so much the better. I should try it."

I pricked up my ears at that, you may imagine. What was in the wind now?

"Robson," I went up to them. "Listen to me. You know what the 12 o'clock is and how she's timed. Well, you've got to overtake her today. This gentleman is a detective from Scotland Yard, and there's a man in that train who has to be caught before he gets to Liverpool, if it's possible to do it. Now, you know what to do. Cover the ground as fast as you can; 1853 can go if you let her out; don't spare her. I'll wire the line to be prepared."

Five minutes later we left the shed on one of the most memorable journeys it has been my lot to take. Half-past one. The Express, that is to say, had an hour and a half's start; or, deducting stoppages at stations, say seventy-five minutes. And that, too, in 220 miles, and the train itself booked at something like fifty miles an hour. To be successful we should have to average more than a mile a minute for the entire distance.

I opened the regulator, and off we started. It was not possible to attain much speed, of course, until we were clear of the metropolis, and during that time the detective

glad me with questions. I learned something in return, too.

"Let's see," he said, "you're the man who gave the information about Kabensky, aren't you? A great guy that you didn't come straight to us those before people have made a fine bungle of it. Took the thing entirely into their own hands, thinking, I suppose, to have all the credit. Well, they've got their reward. Kabensky's gone. Where they got that far they condescended to tell me. Knew the train, of course, because it was his way to Liverpool by that line."

He broke off for explanations of my gentleman's presence on the engine. He was a good listener, and I told him all the story of the affair, from the time I saw the cowries wave, "Let her fly." And he was glad I'd come aboard when I did, that same old day. We did the sixty miles to Shandon, minutes in hand with the driver, sighting a signal check approaching. Then the driver shut off steam. Unwatched the fireman shovel the big pail by the bank. Then we were off again, and Shandon was left behind.

"Jeffreys said something about passing the express at Harple," I heard the driver say. And I knew he was on the look-out, letting wheels and the roar of the train tell him what was ahead of us.

"Well, we might, and run through the Harple station platform at sixty miles an hour. Then you could be sailing on the yacht, there, all right, when it came to be discovered back."

"Maybe. It—that's the thing," he added, with a grin. "It's up to you."

I beckoned Jim to put on more coal. Joe was dreaming. But what was I doing? The express was due at Harple at 4:31, and I should be there. Then I looked at my watch, and saw that it was some of the time I had gained on the journey already. It was pretty straightforward to Dunbeg, and I knew the road well. I had been over it often enough. I sat down on the seat, and at the terrific speed it was going by this time, I felt as if we were through that station, with its pile of Jeffreys' buildings, in a twinkling. Never had a local shriek of the whistle-cord been so welcome as the one which told me we were through the tunnel.

Forty minutes for forty-eight miles. Not bad for "old Joe." The driver, who is not considered the best for the heavy line between Dunbeg and Shandon, was a pet, and he backed to the task admirably. Then we were through the tunnel and on the down grade. Jim shoveled away at the coal, and I watched the steam and the crossbeam. Then I looked at my watch, and the engine swayed from side to side as it took the curves and over the stones on a culvert. Then we were through a tunnel, and the next emerging I knew we should be in sight of the station and of Jeffreys.

"What we do it, do you think?" the driver began. Then he nodded. I was still watching the water gauge; the supply to the gutter was low. I told Jim he was to stop at Rosway to replenish it.

"Right you are," he said, and I saw him look at his watch. Then he looked at me. However, we only had a couple of minutes to Rosway. Then we should be on the Penn Forest bank. It had been a fine run. Then I saw Jim's face change, and, before some one of them could speak, the engine was in the air. Exactly there was some "give" in the rails, and we were through Rosway station, and the express, with the express-intended barrows full of luggage, at the platform.

The detective fairly danced with delight. He shook my hand, and shook Jim's, shook Rosway. I did so, and he shook me again. Then he turned to the fireman and Joe, and then he left us to finish the run to Harple.

It was five minutes past five—a quarter of an hour behind the express when we got to Harple. We had done the distance of sixty miles in the three-and-forty minutes.

We looked about, but could see nothing of the express. Then the signal was lowered, and had been against us. Then we saw the express coming in. Then we heard a question of one of those on the platform, and the answer, "Left on time," and said to be "compulsive."

Then we looked at one another as if we were the only people in the world.

Then we looked at the express, and saw the engine was not there.

Then we looked at the third. Two fellows came down by the subway from London. And then we looked at them. And then a thousand questions about the Kabensky affair began to fly about.

"Oh, detectives, they said; but I don't know. They've got the murderer, and who else?"

And I proceeded to the station-master's office. We began to smell a rat. We began to think that we had been had by some one. We began to think that we were participating in interest that we wanted.

"Special engine! Left London at half-past one! What are you talking about? Where do you suppose it's gone to? Tell us that. Send the message, and we may be able to tell you. Can't tell you anything else, as one sees it."

Well, I've brought another detective, I told you," I answered; "or someone who said he was one, and I'm sure he is one."

"What sort of a man was he?" asked the other; "a big, fair man, with a sort of suspicion of the truth."

"Short, dark hair, sandy whiskers, and eyes like a ferret's," I replied, impatiently.

"Extremely himself, by all that's sacred! My dear sir, you've been made a special to assisting the biggest racer of the year to escape."

He spoke with a certain amount of irony at first, but I was sure of my facts. I had seen him myself at Dunbeg, and had come here from Liverpool. And by the time he reached Dunbeg he would be on board the yacht, and the murderer would be safely on his way to Liverpool.

"Send the message," he said, "and we'll see what we can do. Get the number of the special, and the name of the driver, and the fireman, and the guard, and the station-master at Dunbeg. Then we'll see what we can do."

But I protested that I had no time to waste. Every minute was precious. Then I asked him to send the message, and he said he would do so. Then I asked him to do it at once, and he said he would do so. Then I asked him to do it at once, and he said he would do so. Then I asked him to do it at once

COIFFURES.

How Mrs. Cleveland Sets the Fashion for American Girls.

Mrs. Cleveland started the fashion of changing the hair dressing every year. Her first summer in the white house—that summer she came there as a bride—she wore her hair flat on top, with two memorable little curls upon her temples. The following year she brushed her hair back over a high pompadour and made the temple curls heavier.

Immediately all women began to discard bangs as rapidly as they could, for to a woman who has always worn a fringe over her forehead, the fashion of brushing it straight back is an abrupt and harsh one. She must get it back by degrees and lift the fringe day by day until it is thin and web-like.

Mrs. Cleveland has never admired bangs, and has used her influence for eight years to get them out of the fancy of women. And she has succeeded remarkably well. Today the smooth broad foreheads of the women bear witness to her work.

The bang of the summer is a little more pronounced than last summer's forehead decoration. While it is the fashion to sweep the hair back from the forehead, there is a little leeway allowed for those who positively cannot do this. This leeway is in the form of a very delicate little fringe, which is parted off from the front hair all the way around. It is then twisted over the end of the tongs until it lies in little curls across the forehead. These curls are laid almost flat, a great deal in spit-curl fashion. They are mechanically exact, and follow each other in little circles hugging the forehead.

It is better after all to do away with the bang. The bangless forehead is simpler and more beautiful any day than one that is all curled and decorated.

If the front hair is simply dressed the back hair is made more elaborate. This can scarcely be too much dressed. It is coiled and puffed, waved and curled, piled high and ornamented with combs until it is, indeed, a wonderful sight.

The woman who cannot employ a hairdresser is at a loss when she sees these elaborate coiffures to know how she shall dress her own modest locks until they can be made into even a semblance of the prevailing fashion. She feels that she must either go back to the plain knot at the back of her head, or spend $1 daily on a hairdresser. The latter alternative is often out of the question, and the former a disagreeable one, for no woman likes to be out of the fashion. As Lady Teazle said to Sir Peter: "Lud, Sir Peter, would you have me be out of the fashion? As well to be out of the world as out of style."

A hairdresser to whom the great problem of summer hairdressing was put by a customer who was going away to a summer resort for three months resolved it into a few simple and foundamental laws, which made hairdressing much easier to the customer. This obliging hairdresser advised her customer by all means to take one "afternoon off" in order to learn how to do up her locks. "You will remember it all of your life," said she, "and will never regret the afternoon spent in studying a good coiffure.

"If I were going to give a woman a rule," continued the hair dresser, "for doing up her hair well, I should certainly say that it began with a tie. Very few women tie the hair when dressing it, yet a hair dresser always does it. The first act of the hair dresser is to part off the front hair and gather the back up at the crown of the head, where it is tied with a hard, tight string. Many hair dressers snap an elastic around it in order to hold it, and there are ever so many substitutes for clasping the hair secure at the back of the head.

"It is not necessary," said she, "to have the hair so tight as to be uncomfortable. On the contrary, it can be tied two inches from the head. This leaves room to wave it on the side, and is in no way distressing. "After the hair is tied," said she, "you can twist it into any form you desire without danger. It will not fall down while you are twisting it. As for myself, I like a big, low Psyche; this is a perfectly round twist with the ends tucked under. It is generally a big roll around the back of the head, a little toward the crown.

"To suit the elaborate summer hairdressing I often tuck three curls under the back of the knot and pin them so that they fall down to the nape of the neck. I then draw a loose silk net over the knot and fasten it all the way round. Finally I wave the hair until every inch of it is twisted, and then, if desired, I stick some fancy pines in it to give it the final touch."

Another hair dresser, on being asked about some coiffures, said: "If you want your hair to look nice, comb it."

This sounds abrupt, but she means literally what she said. So many combs are used this summer that the hair is a mass of them. You can scarcely set too many of these combs in your hair. Many people do up the hair with as few hairpins as possible, and finish it with combs. They set them in the back and in the sides, and they stick pins in between in bewildering array.

The combs must be selected to harmonise with the hair. A sharp contrast is not good. For black hair dark amber combs are appropriate, or any kind of dark metal or material. Dull gold is good.

On blonde hair there may be silver, pale amber and other light materials or metal goods," but it is never well to employ too great a contrast.

Ribbons are somewhat worn in the hair, but even those are crowded out by the combs, which take the place of everything else.

It is absolutely essential to have the hair entirely waved. This can be done after it is tied better than before. After the back hair is done up in a twist at the crown of the head wave the sides all over so as to correspond with the front. The back is treated in the same way if the hair is high.

Thrust the tongs recklessly into the hair, give the handle a turn here and there, until there is a deep wave.

Women who have short hair and who want to be right in the fashion, can tie it at the back of the head and pin a chignon on. Chignons are very much in fashion. They come in all shapes, of every size and every style of head may be suited. It is no disgrace to wear a chignon, and the old impression which prevailed about it is gone. Many women who have head trouble do not want to bear the weight of so much hair, and so wear the chignon instead. It is adjusted at the back of the head very easily, and is worn low in the nape of the neck. In fact it is the one that George Washington admired. It is he who gave it vogue. It always makes a woman look more youthful to wear her hair low in the neck, and the low chignon certainly has the youthful appearance which is much to be admired.

Recent styles of coifures.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Jellied Veal—Take three or four pounds of lean veal and boil it in a very little water until tender. Pick it very fine; put in a mold; season with salt and pepper to taste. Put over it a layer of chopped, hard-boiled eggs; add the water in which the veal was boiled and set in a cold place to jelly.

Spiced Baked Apples—Peel and core five large sour apples; mix one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of mixed spice, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, two tablespoonfuls of water and two tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs. Fill each cavity with the mixture and bake for twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.

Salmon Loaf—Free one pound of salmon (canned or fresh) from bone and skin. Beat two eggs well and add to the salmon with a cupful of bread crumbs; salt and pepper to taste; one tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley or water cress if desired. Pack the mixture in a well buttered tin and steam for two hours. This may be served hot or cold.

Persillade of Mutton—Lay five slices of cold mutton on a dish which can be sent to the table, sprinkle thinly with one tablespoonful each of minced onion and parsley, season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper, cover with cold gravy, dust with bread crumbs and brown in the oven; serve at once.

Genoese Cream—One pint of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one of sugar. Boil until it thickens, add the yolks of three eggs beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a minute pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon. Cover the bottom of the dish with sponge cake, spreading one side of the cake with jelly. Pour over the cream; dash the top with sugar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Little Boy Blue.

Little boy blue is in linen this time, striped blue and white. His kilted skirt is simple, but the body of the dress is set off with a judicious arrangement of small pearl buttons, white pique revers and white embroidery.

She Knew How to Be Cruel.

A young man, upon whose upper lip the first faint signs of adloscence had begun to manifest themselves, had become deeply enamored of a maiden several years his senior.

His home, and hers, as well, was in an ambitious college town in the middle west, among whose municipal regulations—but let us not anticipate.

He had been under the influence of the tender passion for a period certainly not less than four weeks, and could wait no longer to know his fate. One eventful evening, after walking up and down in front of her home until nearly 9 o'clock, he went up the doorsteps, rang the bell, and was admitted. The young lady received him in the parlor, and without loss of time he declared himself in the most impassioned manner.

There was a brief silence.

Then the deep tones of a distant bell were heard.

"Harry," she said, patting him gently on the head, "there goes the curfew. Come earlier next time. Good night."

White Serge Waist.

A white serge outing costume may be made stunning by the addition of rows of black braid running in zig-zag fashion around the blouse. The dress shown here has two rows of brass buttons running down the front from shoulders to waist. There are also six or eight buttons sewed on the back seams of the sleeves from cuffs to elbow.

Red is introduced into this costume in rather an artistic manner. It forms the belt, and the bow at the side of the front. This bow has very long pointed ends, which are trained to reach up on the waist and down on the skirt in the most becoming lines. There is also a narrow red edge around the top of the collar, which ends in a fan pleating that stands up at the back of the neck.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE BLESSED CAT.

An Estranged Family Brought Together in an Interesting Manner.

BY E. W. THOMPSON.

"Please give me a small vial of chloroform, enough for a cat," said Mrs. Lister to the proprietor of the pharmacy in East Newburg, a suburb of Boston.

"That's the way to deal with cats," said he, turning to his shelves for the anaesthetic. "It's just dreadful how some of these poor things suffer when the families go away for the summer!"

"If I could take ours with me—but—"

"All the way to Germany and back? Well, I guess not, Mrs. Lister."

"My son couldn't be bothered with her. Henry's going to take his holiday in California, you know. And what does any young man care about a cat?"

"I think I see Henry Lister lugging a cat 'round with him 'cross the continent!" said the druggist with some derision. "But there's Mr. Lister." He almost winked at the absurdity of this suggestion.

"My husband is going to lodge in Boston all summer—he is so busy he can't get away at all. No, I must give it chloroform; there is no other way. I couldn't bear to think of it prowling around without any home."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Lister, certainly not," said the druggist, really wondering a little at the soft-heartedness of Mrs. Lister, whose role was that of a strong-minded woman.

It was nearly 9 o'clock of an evening of late June when she left the pharmacy. As she walked up the long hill of East Newburg with the chloroform in her pocket, her heart was sore with sorrow for the cat and herself. Dorinda had been in the family for three years. A sense of meditating something uncomfortably like murder oppressed Mrs. Lister. Yet no one, she was sure, except herself, loved Dorinda enough to care whether she starved in homelessness, fell a victim to dogs, went wild in trying to live by bird-catching in the chestnut woods about Newburg, perished by some boy's gun, or died by her mistresses' hand. But oh, the pity of it, that she must save Dorinda from the woes of desertion!

It was not fairly her duty, thought Mrs. Lister. Her husband or her son should have had forethought of this dark deed and, in mercy to her, proposed to undertake it. It could be no grief to them, both so impassive and reserved. But she had never thought of asking either of them to do it; that would be to confess herself sentimental, and she prided herself on being a firm character.

As she walked over her dewy lawn in the faint moonlight, almost ready to forsake her European trip for Dorinda's sake, the doomed animal lay in her husband's lap. He was sitting in the hammock swung on the wide side-piazza, stroking Dorinda gently and looking out over the trees that lay down the hill toward the valley of the Charles river, its spaces flooded with vague moonshine and punctuated with electric lamps.

Mr. Lister had quite forgoten that he was stroking the cat, for he was thinking, in an absent, heart-hungry way, of the years when he and his wife had not yet ceased from demonstrative affection for one another. Though business usually so absorbed him, and the "Woman's Club," so occupied her, how lonesome would he find the long months alone in Boston lodgings, miles away from this dear, familiar scene! It seemed particularly hard that his wife should have spent this last evening before the summer break-up at church, where a special meeting of the "Ladies' General Culture Club" was being held to receive her belated report on the application of electricity to Mr. Edward Atkinson's cooker. But Mr. Lister had never thought of asking her to forego that duty.

As he heard his wife's steps on the gravel path, he put Dorinda softly down on the piazza floor; Elvira would, of course, be contemptuous if she caught him petting a cat. Dorinda trotted softly, tail up, to meet her mistress. But Mrs. Lister could not bear to take the cat up in her arms; the confidence of the creature made her feel herself to be a treacherous hypocrite.

It was so difficult for her to keep back her tears that her face, as she opened the wire front door and came into the glare of the hall electric light, looked hard and set to her husband, who had risen and come around the corner to greet her.

"Well, Elvira, how did the meeting go off?" he said, but she, not daring to trust herself to reply, walked upstairs and turned into her study. Mr. Lister went back to the hammock with a sigh. It was shocking that his wife should have "woman's work" even yet to do; but that must be so, judging from the sharp snick of her study door.

Dorinda had followed her mistress upstairs, and Mr. Lister hearing the cat meow, quite pitied the neglected creature. He was too loyal to his wife to let his thought that she was very hard-hearted formulate itself clearly. For a few minutes Dorinda stood meowing outside the study door, while Mrs. Lister put the chloroform, with a gesture of loathing, into a closed box on her pigeon-holed desk. As she listened to Dorinda's voice there was a look of pity and horror on her face that would have amazed most of her emancipating sisterhood.

"I want to come in, for I love you dearly," said the long-drawn meows very plainly.

Mrs. Lister, putting her hand to her ears in a wild way, looked desperately at two corded trunks, and a third one that lay open for the last things to be packed in at break of day. When she took her hands from her ears, she no longer heard the cat.

Dorinda, losing patience, had walked along the hall, sidling with waving tail into the open door of a room where sat a tall, sunburned youth studying the railway map of California. Feeling the cat against his legs, he stuck a black-headed pin into the map to mark his point, stooped and lifted Dorinda to his lap, which the desk concealed. Then, stroking Dorinda with his big brown right hand, he resumed his study by aid of the left.

Half an hour later, when he heard his father coming upstairs, Harry softly moved to be sure that Dorinda was concealed, and peered into guide books so intently that his father said never a word to disturb him.

How this family of three people had come to such a condition that no one of them had ever seen another caressing Dorinda would be a long tale.

True, they naturally admired reserve, but the habit of suppressing signs of affectionate emotion had grown to a degree which would have shocked the father had he foreseen it when his early preoccupation with business threw his wife back upon herself. It had grown to a degree which she had never forecast when she resolutely threw her energies into "woman's work."

Young Henry remembered with poignancy the days when his father and mother—always separately—had been wont to cuddle him, as a little boy. Now—for youth is imitative and Harvard a forcing house of self-sufficiency—he had grown into simulated as well as real preoccupation, isolation and self-dependence.

They lived, these three, on terms of undoubting good will, but never a kiss, nor a cordial, emotional expression, nor a good cry together, comforted the hunger of their hearts for demonstrative love.

It was very late that night when Mrs. Lister, with the chloroform in her hand, softly opened the hall door of the her study and peered out, waiting for Dorinda to come. Now she was nerved for the sad need.

She had delayed long, to be sure that her husband and son were sleeping. But now she must do it; in the morning there would be no time for the tragedy and burial. Mrs. Lister had a clear vision of the very spot in the big flower bed where she meant, with her garden spade, to inter Dorinda's piteous remains by the light of the moon.

As she saw nothing of the cat, she cautiously opened the door between her study and her bedroom. There lay her husband apparently asleep, really very wide awake, for he had been long lying and looking out of the open window at the valley and the lights of the Charles.

He was sorer at heart now, thinking how his wife maintained her isolation to the last moment before their long parting. But he closed his eyes, fearing she should suspect him of silly sentimentality, as she turned on a small electric lamp and looked into his face.

"How can he be so callous as to sleep so in view of the morrow?" thought she bitterly, smothering a sigh.

Peeping furtively at his wife as she looked for the cat, Mr. Lister saw the chloroform vail and a sponge in her hand.

"What can she be put to?" thought he; "and what on earth is she looking for?"

When she turned off the electric lamp, softly closed her study, struck a match, lit a wax candle, and went downstairs, Mr. Lister quietly rose, opened the door into the upper hall, and stood looking over the balusters.

"Pussy, pussy, pussy," he could hear his wife whispering. What could she want pussy for?

He heard her go through the drawing-room, the library, the dining-room, still faintly whispering, "Puss-sy, puss-sy." He heard her go out into the kitchen parts, where she stayed long enough to have searched every pantry and store room.

Back she came, whispering, "Pussy, pussy," more loudly, and down into the cellar she went for quite a long visit. Then, still whispering for Dorinda, she ascended opened the front doors, and went out upon the piazza, where her husband now believed the cat must be.

He hastily half-dressed himself, and went downstairs. The truth had flashed on him. She was about to chloroform the cat! With strangely diffident pity for his wife, whose weakness he suddenly surmised, and anger at her project, he met her coming up the front steps from her bewildered tour of the flower garden.

"What's the trouble, Elvira?"

"I don't think I understand you, George."

"Well, I beg your pardon if I'm wrong, but I thought you were looking for Dorinda."

"So I have been."

"Not to chloroform her, surely! I see the bottle in your hand."

"Yes," in a hard voice. "It's mere humanity to save her from homelessness."

"Humanity! Why, Elvira, hadn't you better chloroform me? You'd be cruel enough to leave me without even the cat?"

"Cruel to you—I don't understand you, George. You are going to live in Boston."

"Well, can't there be any cruelty to any one living in Boston? You don't suppose I'm going without the cat?"

"You, George?"

"Yes; I'm fond of that cat," he said doggedly. "Laugh at me if you like; I am. She's all I shall have when you and Henry go."

"Well, George Lister!" she laid her left hand on his arm, looked hard at him, and almost began to cry in a way that quite shamed them both. But soon she pulled herself together and spoke:

"Well, George, you certainly do amaze me. Why, I thought you just hated Dorinda. I often thought how hard you were when pussy would go rubbing against your chair or your legs and you wouldn't ever stoop to pick her up, or even caress her."

"So did I."

"What?"

"I thought the same of you."

"But I always took her up when you were not there to feel like laughing at me."

"So did I, when you weren't there, Elvira."

"So you were fond of Dorinda and didn't want me to know it, George?"

"Yes, I guess we've both been making a big mistake, Elvira."

"Why, George, didn't you ever suspect that I took Dorinda as a kitten because I just had to have something that would let me pet it, after Henry got too big?"

"Elvira—dear—" the man paused long. "Do you remember the time when we were young together?" he whispered.

"George—" he could scarcely hear her. "And yet we've grown apart—you gradually got so busy."

"Yes, Elvira, it was all my fault; I see it now."

"No, for I took up the 'Work,'" she said, shamed by his magnanimity.

They went arm in arm to the hammock, and sat there a while afraid of their emotion.

"It's so strange," said Mrs. Lister in an eerie tone, and with a slight shiver. "It seems almost as if she had suspected what was in my mind, and had gone away."

"It makes me feel superstitious too, Elvira. But let's look around for her together."

So they searched the grounds in the moonlight with recovered reserve, under fear that some wakeful neighbor might look out on them engaged in that piece of strange sentimentalism. Then they searched the cellar, the ground floor, the bedroom floor, all in vain.

"She can't be upstairs in the servants' floor," said Mrs. Lister.

"No, I had her after the girls went to bed early, for they have to be up before daylight to start you, 'Viry. Fact is, I was stroking Dorinda in my lap when you came across the lawn."

"You were, George? And you were ashamed to let me know it!"

"And you picked her up when she ran to you. Beats all how blind we've been about that cat. But where can she be?"

"Do you suppose she could be in Henry's room?"

"Oh, no. He'd be sure to drive her out. Henry never even looks friendly at her."

"But she might have gone in and curled up asleep somewhere, so he didn't notice her."

"Well, maybe. Let's peep in."

Mrs. Lister shaded her candle with one hand, while her husband gently opened the door. On the bed, nearly on his back, lay the young athlete, with only a sheet over him in the warm June night. One strong forearm, half-bared from the wrist, and sun-browned with much boating, lay outstretched along the pillows. Its corded muscles made a pillow for Dorinda. She had curled herself on the arm as if satisfied that it would never move to her hurt, and even yet she did not seem disturbed.

As the parents approached the bed, on opposite sides, Henry drew a short breath and half on his side, but without changing the position of his right arm. Still Dorinda though she lifted her head and looked at the in-comers, did not move. Instead, she snuggled down and began to purr softly, seemingly pleased to be seen on such good terms with the young giant.

The picture moved the parents deeply. Henry's brown face wore the ineffable half-smile of his early boyhood. So he had looked often when his father let him go to sleep in his arms before the fire. So he had looked often, vaguely thought the mother, when she crooned the song after telling him to sleep. Now, the purring of the cat seemed to penetrate his dream with a sense of voiced affection. And his father and mother felt sorely how they had grown, during four or five years, to think of him as really self-sufficient, impassive, hard-headed, needing no clear expressions of love.

Mrs. Lister reached out her hand and stroked the cat. Still Henry did not waken. They were half afraid to rouse him; he would be so vexed at the discovery of his chumming with Dorinda.

As Mrs. Lister touched the blue ribbon around the cat's neck, she noticed that a long cord was tied to it, and with much amazement, motioned to her husband to behold that the cord was tied to the brass bedstead. Just then Henry woke, and Mrs. Lister lifted the cat in her arms. The youth sat up, clutching at the open neck of his nightshirt, and staring with wonder at his parents.

As he saw the cat in his mother's arms, a rush of blood went over his brown face and white upper forehead. Then he looked sheepish. Then he looked deeply offended. But he did not speak. His parents hardly dared address him.

"You see, Henry, we were just looking around for the cat, that's all," said Mrs. Lister awkwardly.

"Yes, mother. Well, you've found her."

"Your mother feels sorry to be leaving the cat, you see, Henry. She was going to chloroform her," said Mr. Lister; "but I—"

"Well, I guess not!" said Henry sharply. "Chloroform Dorinda! Why, mother!"

"I was afraid she would be homeless, Henry, and so in mercy—"

"Homeless! Not much. Why she's going—"

"It's all right, Henry, after all," the mother hastily interposed. "Your father's going to keep her in Boston with him."

"In Boston? The idea! Why father couldn't; she'd starve. How could father be bothered? I'm going to take Dorinda with me."

"You, Henry—to California and back? How could you possibly do it?"

"Why, in a covered basket, of course. That's why I tied her up, don't you see, for fear she'd go away somewhere in the morning so I couldn't find her. You couldn't expect father to worry himself taking care of a cat, mother."

"But father wants to, Henry. That was his plan before he knew mine."

Henry looked at his father with staring wonder.

"It's so, Henry," said Mr. Lister, defensively. "Why, hang it all, what are you surprised about? S'pose I'm not fond of the cat? Why, she'll be the only home thing I shall have. I've got to have her, don't you understand?"

Henry held out one big hand to his father and the other to his mother. Without a word the two sat down on opposite sides of the bed and looked into a face they had not seen so happily moved for five or six years.

The mother, holding the cat out in her hands, pushed its head affectionately against Henry's brown neck. Then she leaned forward and kissed him, while the father held Henry's hand tightly in both his and said nothing.

"Well, father," said Henry, after a long pause, "of course, a fellow knows his father is just as good and kind, you know—and everything—letting a fellow go to California and all that; but—why, I never thought you would miss us that way, father, and Dorinda, too."

Perhaps they could not have talked in daylight nor by electric light as they proceeded to do; but by the dim light of the candle they could whisper from their hearts. All this time Dorinda purred loudly in the short pauses, and often the hands met in stroking her.

"We've all been too reserved; I have been freezing with it," said Mrs. Lister, near the last.

"And we are going to separate just as we find ourselves warm again," said the husband.

"Say we don't," said Henry. "I don't care a cent about old California. Only I thought father didn't wish—oh, I say, father, let's—you and I—go down to the beach. You can run up and down every day—Marblehead, or Beverly, or somewhere or 'nother. Then we'll be together with Dorinda. And mother needn't stay away all the fall."

"I wish I need not go," said Mrs. Lister. "I don't want to now. I wish the company would take back my ticket."

"Elvira, would you stay? What do I care about a hundred dollars or so? Pooh! Let it go if the company won't take the ticket. Who, Henry's going to stay, too! We'll take a place at Nahant. Well, if we don't have the jolliest old summer?"

"Oh, you blessed Dorinda!" exclaimed Mrs. Lister, pressing the cat to her heart.

"It was the cat," cried Henry, sing-song; "it was the cat, the blessed, blessed cat."
—From "Between Earth and Sky."

"I feel superstitious."

Engagement Extraordinary.

Clara—Some girls appear to like to have engaged men call on them.

Fan—I do. I have three engaged men calling on me now.

Clara—Goodness! Whom are they engaged to?

Fan—Me.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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I very well remember the evening I arrived at Madison. My cousin Bertha was to meet me there, coming up from Milwaukee. She was not used to traveling and had, when she arrived, what she called a sick headache. I induced her to swallow a RIPANS TABULE and in half an hour she was well enough to join me at supper at the hotel. I heard no more of the headache, but next day Bertha bought some RIPANS TABULES for herself and I know that she has not had one of those attacks for nearly a year now.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES
SAPOLIO

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People who know the least are apt to assume the most.

A great many men owe their success to the failure of others.

There are some giant-blowers in this country who can work only when the glass has foam on it.

Incidentally Uncle Sam is getting a good deal of valuable New Years reading for his pocketbook.

A scrapper here a face like an open book, and made a study difficult to read between the lines.

When falsely accused of having murdered his head bodies of cattle and the miserable bodily and vigorously protested, but it was of no avail and he was taken to the rightful charge of murdering Colonel Fremont and children. It is a curious brand of "honor" that hinders the Spanish heart.

The royal palace at Madrid is one of the finest dwellings in Europe, and the world, being built by an Italian architect in the reign of Philip V. The palace has as a rival, at Schönbrunn, the imperial residence of Austria, which was built by Maria Theresa after the model of Versailles. *It is 400 feet each way, with a court 250 feet square, roofed with glass.*

Prince Victor Bonaparte, chief of the fraternal house of France and nephew of King Humbert, is 35 years of age and a bachelor. He is said to be very much resemblance his great uncle, Napoleon, and in writing his name he signs it Napoleon. At present his place of exile is Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, a house which he has made attractive by agreeable entertainments and by his love of sports, but passes some of his time in the study of books. Victor is the first prince on an allowance provided by the ex-Empress Eugenie.

Mr. Gladstone rejoices where he was laid to rest beneath a plain oblong flagstone, on the 28th day of May, in the year 1898." The grave is part of the grave in which his wife has been buried, and has been replaced, but the inscription prepares him in this. Mr. Gladstone's last Sunday services as they enter by the back door of the church, and he avoid treading upon the soil of the grave and upon the stone which covers it. The most prominent statesman of the prize Day before yesterday, and there was there is nothing to be seen. Hereafter, of course, the station will stand back from the funerary stones above the spot.

Russia is not generally looked upon as a progressive country, but, so far as concerns the matter of railroads, she is keeping abreast, if not a little ahead, of the times. The Trans-Siberian road, undertaken by Russian women is to become a long railway. With the exception of a few miles it is a woman's France has already made to acquaint and a coastal line from Vladivostok. The road will begin within the center of the Ural Mountains and run in a line, and at the first glance, but a moment's consideration will show that it is a most appropriate calling after all, since the duties of the female parent are in accordance with the compartments required for both.

The question as to what constitutes a proper punishment for the crime of murder is one that has been discussed for years, seems as far from settlement as it ever was. There is a large number of persons who contend that it is not so much the severity of punishment as the certainty that is the most powerful restraint in case of all those who contemplate or have that those of lesser magnitude. There are many, however, who will do both, that seem to demonstrate the contention that the severest punishment of the most significant is the capital crime of death. Within the past week the crime of homicide. In 1894, and for many years previous there were few cases of the murder of more than 100 population, but the punishment was almost as few as the commission that I put to the form of execution.

In the year 1894, however, do not mention the number of murders committed in one in each 50,000 of population. In the last four years there were only thirteen murders committed in the colony, and for these crimes eight persons were executed and five were sentenced to a life imprisonment. The method adopted was to permit the shortest possible time to elapse between the commission of the crime and the carrying out of the finding of the trial court. The average time from arrest to conviction was about six days and from conviction to execution forty-five days.

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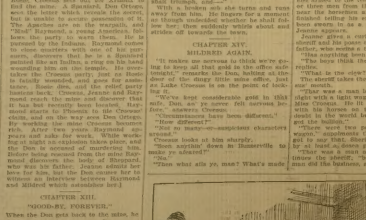
SYNOPSIS.

[Lake Croesus, a young, gold-hunter, is engaged with one Shanghai Shoemaker to letter in Spanish which tells of a hidden mine in Mexico. Shoemaker is also interested by his daughters, Jeanne and Grace. Croesus starts for Mexico to find the mine. A Standard Oil Croesus, Lake Croesus, is also in search of the mine. A sudden acute pneumonia, and Shoemaker succumbs to the disease. Grace "Grat" Raymond, a young American, follows the party to warn them. He is accused by Lake Croesus of attempting to close quarters with one of his pretty sisters, discovers that he is flustered, painted like an Indian, a ring in his hand and a knife in his belt. He is taken for a Mexican bandit. Grace Shoemaker is fatally wounded, and goes for assistance. Lake Croesus and the relief party discover Jack; Croesus, Jeanne and Raymond are gone. Jack is left for dead. It has not recently been located. Raymond and Jeanne are found by the Indians, and on the way are Don Crispo, a Mexican, and Lake Croesus, who has escaped. Jack, after two years, regained consciousness and returns to Chicago. Grace looks at him sharply.

"Such sayings' down in Dunnerville to make me doubt?"

"Then what ails ye, man? What's made



"The safe has been blown open and robbed of its contents."

ye so fearful all at once?"

The Don starts to speak and then hesitates.

"Out with it, man!" cries Jack.

"Did you notice how closely Raymond questioned the Indians? He was after the mine, and then watches furtively to note the effect of his words.

"Shed it up pairy thoroughly, did her?" asks Jack.

"I should say he did!" exclaims the Don. "He's a sharper, and he's after the mine! Of course I'm not sure, but I don't believe you failed to observe that!"

"Yes, I did," said Jack.

"Desperate man, that Raymond," proceeds the Don, striking recognition like a sharper's, apparently recognize most.

"Yes," said Jack.

"There was a man in Dunnerville who told me Raymond was a sharper. He was a thief in Texas."

"Is that so?" wonder, Don, But what's the method of all this palaver? D'ye want me to believe Raymond's gotten the best of the mine?"

"I'd bet something handsome that he's playing right now to do it."

Lake Croesus jumps at the Don like lightning, and grabs his fleshy arm at the shoulder.

"Stop your jaw, Don, but you do rile me powerful. I'll bet I know Raymond better than you do, and I know Raymond better than you do, and I know he's going to make any more remarks to me, like them you've just made, I'll so tangle him up, you, Good night," and Croesus breaks away from the astonished Don and strides down the hall.

The Don watches him for a moment, with a curious smile, and then descends with the lower.

Lake Croesus, in the meantime, repairs to the room that the Santa Rosa has assigned to him, and, locking the door, Lake Croesus came down to the lawyer's room and knocks softly upon the door. A lawyer succumbs on his cot and breathlessly asks who is there. Lake Croesus answers, and in response to the same voice the window sill of how some one might have entered the room, and then, with a leap, he the old safe. It was found, had been blown open and every bar of holding it.

Lake Croesus is perplexed and he lighting a match, he looks about the room, but he scattered with. Assured that no one has been in the room, he returns to the safe.

"Gone!" he exclaims, as he sees the papers that he had secured from Jeanne. "Gone! Is it all gone?" asks the Don.

"Yes, gone!" answers Lake Croesus.

The Don does not say, "I told you so," but he looks it and rubs his fat hands to soothe his employer's feelings.

"Raymond's the sharper," he inquires, rubbing comfortable surprise at the presence of so many visitors.

"That's what we want to ask you," says Croesus, shortly. "Ye said he has been known and robbed of his mine in Texas."

"My God!" cries the sawyer, whom they all know to be honest as the day, "who could have done it?"

"Can't you remember anything that happened?" I asked.

"I slept like a log. Haven't slept a thing from the time I closed my eyes until now."

"It's a clean case," declares Croesus, and he would swear to the honesty of his daughters and the sawyer.

Croesus turns to the Don.

"Go down into the town," she instructs him, "and get the best horses you can find. Get two."

The Don bows and goes away.

Lake Croesus sinks into a chair thrown, his terribly and muttering to himself. Jeanne watches him for a moment, then, with a little sigh, she says:

"Why do you take on so?" she asks him. "Shall you not have some of the money and dollars to pass and see?"

"Yes, I know," says that bothers me, girl. It's little time out of it, like this."

"Then why do you take on so?"

"Haven't I told you? If I only listened to you before I'd have the mine. I'd have it now, and I'd be a rich man."

"Shucks!" Jeer warned me, that's all. Have ye seen Raymond anywhere?"

"No, I've not seen him since he warned Raymond," she says, calmly.

"Then I'll go look for my father.

"You did, as a matter of fact, and as though undecided whether he shall follow her father, Lake Croesus shrinks and strides off towards the town.

CHAPTER XIII.

MILDRED AGAIN.

"It reckons me mistook a think we're going to lose all the time," said he the office adjoining to Marshal the Don, looking at the door of the dingy little sales office, just as Lake Croesus is on the point of knocking it.

"I've kept considerable gold in this safe, Don, an' ye never felt nervous before. Reckon I'm getting old."

"Nervousness have been known to attack the strongest men," said the Don, consolingly.

"How different?"

"There are many-sumpicious characters around."

Croesus looks at him sharply.

"Such sayings' down in Dunnerville to make me doubt?"

"Then what ails ye, man? What's made ye so fearful all at once?"

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SYNOPSIS.

Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised wife of a middle-aged physician and the friend of her father. While visiting her aunt, in company with her sister, Kitty, and Dick Mason, Kitty's lover, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. Dick tries to follow them, but is unable to do so. Douglas pursues the unsuspecting bride, but finds in which Dick is searching for them. He and his sister in disguise, and succeed in their search, and all go south to the vicinity of Pinehurst, the home of the Douglas'. Before reaching Pinehurst they meet Barbara's father, who has been released from prison. John Douglas is saved from death by Barbara, is saved from arrest and found guilty, and becomes a friend of the family. In a hospital. The following days he will take the news to Pinehurst. Barbara and Kitty arrive at Pinehurst, and Donny and the boys buy a place there. Barbara becomes acquainted with the Douglas family and Kitty. She finds that Kitty has married Dick, and is said to be here. She recognizes him as Dick. Barbara conceives that the Jack Douglas whom she marries is not he, but has a wife there. Dick and Kitty meet in the woods. Jack Douglas returns to Pinehurst, and meets Kitty, who decides to go home. Dick and Kitty meet Jack Douglas's wife as she comes through the cloud. The doctor becomes thoughtful and Lucy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LETTER FROM DENNIS.

Dawn stains the doctor tiled skies. The name haunted him.

Colonel Douglas, pale and trembling, was walking up and down the veranda. People said he was walking up his breakfast. Every month to heart. His restless eyes were on the gravel walk, and he was thinking of Barbara, the doctor had the misfortune of dislike and refused negging of Mrs. Douglas for her effort to get him to stop drinking.

At the farther end of the veranda sat Jane, sewing busily and the Mrs. Douglas rocking chair. Her eyes were closed, and the sunlight was falling on her head and filling its meshes with gold.

Jane was the girl who heard the name Dennis. "Do you know how I got into my head?" asked the doctor.

"No; do you, pray, just now?"

"You know my old father. I cannot abide him. He is a narrow, bigoted, hard-hearted man, and I should think never patients to one hence would quite accept a refusal to attend." Colonel said, glancing at Jane who had given her soft yellow curls a toss of impatience.

"How do they?" she asked slowly. "And when could he be cleared of that charge?" Poor fellow!" I wonder if he doesn't wish he had stayed in Texas?"

"I care my he does, Jane." And as the doctor went on, Colonel Douglas's face quietly sweet.

"I am sorry more than ever troubled about Dennis. Think of this the strange accident she had witnessed in the chapel came to her again and she knew. The face had reminded that of Colonel Douglas, of this she felt sure. And could that sight be why he had been worn and pale, almost as ghastly as Dennis's face?

The two men sat together, now for while there were three invalids in the house, and they stirred at every opportunity for Mrs. Douglas. Her hope was that her aunt might recover sufficiently to be moved before he should be well enough to come where Barbara would be near.

But at last a ray of light came to her. She had left the room for a few hours, and on hundred of the book it opened at the page resting herself went to her room. It was Barbara's. It seemed to Kitty that such thing could have been better than this.

He had not taken it, when he came to the test to put the ocean between Barbara and himself. He had not known that she was dead, and he had heard from home, but he had not understood that she was dead. He write and write at Pinehurst, and Barbara would spend a few days with his relatives there.

Kitty stared blankly at the page. It was a load that she understood—a secret of brothers thought of whom she had been a sister, and whom she had been a wife.

If only Barbara would be glad! How should she ever tell her?

Aunt Calldonia met her as she left her room.

"Cinie, what I tole you to comin' true. This air a sin place; they's still sickness, an' over these days the blow's gwinter blow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DENNIS DONNELLY.

The next day was Monday. Mrs. Douglas was a very poor woman and every body who could be must attend church. The church was at the beginning of the village, and Kitty, who had been invited to worship with her and her the privilege of help years it had become to be a sort of habit.

At the breakfast table Mrs. Douglas declared who should go and who should remain with the sick people. And when this was settled she looked around the table to where Jane sat in a suit of sombre black.

"My dears, dear!"

"Don't you know—"

"Don't remember that, isn't the visit Hannibal—"

"He may come as a special dispensation of Providence. It is Dennis he is to see, I'm glad—"

"Ah, Dennis Donnelly!" repeated Jane dolefully.

"Dennis!" Barbara cried, looking up entirely.

Kitty dropped her fork with a sharp tinkle on her plate.

"Dennis Donnelly, my husband's heir. Do you know him?"

"His place is near the rectory. We are great friends," Kitty answered quickly.

Mrs. Douglas was looking at Barbara's face. All the pink had faded from it, and there were tears in her eyes. She pushed back her chair and left her little trembling hands on a child down.

"Is it not singular, Miss Allen, that knowing Mr. Donnelly as well you have not mentioned him in his own home?" Mrs. Douglas asked coldly.

"Is it?" Barbara said in a dazed, frightened voice.

"We had no idea that he was known

"Dennis, oh, my dear, dear Dennis!"

here; we have never heard him speak of Pinehurst," Kitty said, in a hurried, breathless way.

"And yet you knew him well?"

"Pretty well."

Mrs. Douglas smiled. It was time for her to speak, and she knew it. She knew were to date of the wedding, and the dear Calldonia, took after the sick people. A

The second nurse was employed by Mr. Douglas' room.

The day was a very fine one. Many of the trees were gorgeous in red and yellow, and the mountains were lovely in their dublin and chrysanthemums. Slowly the sun rose higher, and the sunrise and the dew and into the counter room, and stopped before the try-draped church.

Jane, who by her lazy way, was quite as pious as her mother, entered the church by the side door from the veranda, and the sweet tones of the great organ filled the air. Barbara, who had been left in the hall, heard the music, and the passage Mrs. Douglas unheeded as the wind in the pines came the voice held each note until of its sweetness, and then let it float away and fall to another. The music was sweetness to Barbara.

Kitty, who had been left in the room, also flushed, her eyes brightened. She was quite herself again in the influence of the music. She leaned forward, her hands clasped, her head erect.

The service was long, but at the end of it Mrs. Douglas and the two girls walked home together. Kitty and Barbara had not spoken to each other since they had parted beside them.

Mrs. Douglas and the two girls walked home together. Kitty and Barbara had not spoken to each other since they had parted beside them.

Jane had come down and was stopping beside them.

"Dennis is coming to-night," she said, she said holding out her dimpled hand with a languid grace.

"Yes," said Dennis taking the hand, "and I am very glad to see you, special pet. I am so glad to find her here."

"Is she?" Jane said. "Is your god child dead?"

Jane smiled as Barbara came toward them.

"Na," Dennis said going to meet her. "Barbara, how do you do? Have you and Kitty sealed me?"

"Yes," Barbara said. She said.

And then Mrs. Douglas was speaking, and they all left the church.

Dennis was standing on into the carriage and as he turned to Kitty Mrs. Douglas said:

"Shall Jahan walk, Dennis, and let you drive?"

"Yes, I should think I would—Kitty sad I," Dennis said, smiling at Barbara the happy Donnelly! Do you know I got into my head?" asked the doctor.

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THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A rooster once pursued a worm
That lingered not to brave him;
To see his wretched victim squirm
A pleasant thrill it gave him.
He summoned all his kith and kin;
They hastened up by legions,
With quaint, expressive gurgles in
Their esophageal regions.

Just then a kind of glimmering
Attracting his attention,
The worm became too small a thing
For more than passing mention;
The throng of hungry hens and rude
He skillfully evaded.
Said he: "I faith, if this be food,
I saw the prize ere they did."

It was a long and costly pearl,
Belonging in a necklace,
And dropped by some neglectful girl—
Some people are so reckless!
The cock assumed an air forlorn,
And cried: "It's really cruel.
I thought it was a grain of corn;
It's nothing but a jewel."

He turned again to where his clan,
In one astounding tangle,
In eager haste together ran
To slay the helpless angle,
And sighed: "He was of massive size!
I should have used discretion.
Too late! Around the toothsome prize
A bargain sale's in session!"

The worm's remarks upon his plight
Have never been recorded,
But any one will know how slight
Diversion is afforded,
For worms and human beings are
Unanimous that, when pecked,
To be the prey of men they far
Prefer to being henpecked.

The Moral: When your dinner comes,
Don't leave it for your neighbors
Because you hear the sound of drums
And see the gleam of sabers;
Or, like the cock, you'll find too late
That ornaments external
Do not for certain indicate
A bona fide kernel.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

Reuben Pettibone Let Nature Take Its Course, Bagging Big Game.

"Dwelling as he did in his early days almost in the primal wilderness," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way, "my remarkable father, Reuben Pettibone, depended as much for his income upon what he could harvest of the products of the woods and wilds as he did upon the yield of his cultivated acres. Yes, yes! More than. The 'tater crop was liable to rot. Weevils would get into the wheat. Drought played hob with the corn. Frost nipped the early garden sass. But the bear crop was ever sure. The weevil never was made that bored holes in the panther and chewed his vitals. The deer laughed at drought and kicked up its heels at frost. Yes, yes! I must acknowledge it. Speeding the dog in the dimlit isles of the forest knocked the everlasting spots off of speeding the plough in the sun-kissed and fertile soil, so to speak, in the days when Reuben Pettibone made choice to enrich the Sinnemahoning country with his presence, and so sometimes the ploughshare rusted while the gun barrel shone. But it was all for the best, my remarkable father was wont to say.

Took a flying leap over her savage persuer.

"'It is better far to get $20 worth of bear than $3 worth of 'taters,' said he, 'to say nothing about the exercise it gives the dog.'

"Thoughtful man, Reuben Pettibone was! Remarkably so! Note it in his consideration for a mere dog. Depriving himself of the exhilaration of hoeing out the 'tater patch that a poor, dumb brute might have healthful exercise bounding with joyful cry on the warm trail of the bear's lair, unselfish Pettibone. And yet the weevil scooped his cereal and the frost nipped his tomato plants just as quick as they would yours, Mackinaw! How could they have done it? How could they ever have had the heart to do it, Mackinaw?"

The contemptuous silence of the man in the red, green, blue, yellow, pink and purple Mackinaw jacket was eloquence itself. To any one but the man from over Sinnemahoning way this would have been more cutting than the frost that nipped the early garden sass of Reuben Pettibone, and the narrative would have faltered. But the man from over Sinnemahoning way went blitherly on.

"One day," said he, "my remarkable father moved by his peculiar theory of domestic economy and consideration for the dog, remarked to his wife that he guessed he would go to the woods and garner bear or something and give the dog some exercise.

"'You may go garner, Reuben,' said his wife, who was somewhat remarkable herself, 'but the dog is going to run the churning machine today while I hill up the corn, and after he gets through with that I've an idea he won't need any more exercise today.'

"So Reuben Pettibone went to the woods alone that day, and by patience and perspicacity did such a day's harvesting as was never done in those woods before, and, of course, never since. I don't mind telling you at the start, Mackinaw, that Reuben Pettibone fired but one shot that day. Only one. But he bagged a panther, a deer and three bears. That wasn't the shot that was heard round the world, Mackinaw, but it was a shot that woke up the Sinnemahone country to the remarkableness of Reuben Pettibone, and is still reverberating, so to speak, in the annals of that incomparable vicinage. If any of you from this side of the mountain might ever summon energy sufficient to take you over there you would hear it, sure enough. But as you will never be able to do that, I will let you hear it by proxy. I will turn at least an echo of it on you. A shot that was followed by the bagging of a panther, a deer and three bears has a right to go echoing down the ages, hasn't it, Mackinaw?"

The characteristic placidity of even the man from over Sinnemahoning way was entirely proof against the continued contemptuous silence of the man in the red, green, blue, yellow, pink and purple Mackinaw jacket, and it was visibly ruffled. But he was true to the memory of Reuben Pettibone, the man from Sinnemahoning was, and he proceeded with the turning on the echo of Reuben's remarkable shot.

"The forest and the ways of its wild creatures were as an open book to Reuben Pettibone," said he, "and he sat down at the roots of a big fallen hemlock tree that day to peruse and ponder. He knew that something would come that way, and he had not long to wait for its coming. It came up out of a hollow in the woods, in the shape of a big she bear and her two cubs. Slouching hurriedly along, unaware of the presence of my remarkable father, the she bear at last tumbled with her cubs into a clump of bushes, not ten rod from where he sat. If Reuben Pettibone had not been used to turning the leaves in the grand volume of nature's endless lore, he would have at once planked a bullet into that bear, captured her cubs, and gone home content. But, ah! Reuben Pettibone was an adept in the sylvan mysteries.

"'Nature,' said he, as the bear hid herself and her cubs in the thicket, 'never goes off half-cocked. That bear isn't huddling herself and her cubs in those bushes to get in out of the sun. There's something else about it. It will pass this way before long.'

"So Reuben Pettibone waited for it. It was soon in sight. A deer broke from the thick of the woods and came bounding along the green side hill just opposite where my remarkable father sat. A few jumps behind it came a big panther, hot on the deer's trail, and clearing thirty feet at a jump. Although he saw that from the way the panther was lessening the space between himself and the deer, he would soon have his claws on the deer, Reuben Pettibone's perspicacity was so bulging that he never raised a finger to shut the career of the fierce pursuer short. Reuben saw that the course of the deer, which was a doe, was bringing her along above the bushes where the bear and her two cubs were lying low. He also saw, by the way the deer swerved as she passed the bushes, that she either saw or smelt the bears in their hiding places. The panther was close behind her. Note how true the calculation of my remarkable father, student of nature that he was! And see how he looked ahead and how quick he thought! He knew that there wasn't anything a panther doted on more than fat young bear cubs, and that there was the deadliest enmity betwen bears and panthers just on that account.

"'The deer is leading that panther, all right!' said he. 'Let nature work!'

"The old she bear smelt the panther and rose to her feet as he bounded by. The panther was too deeply intent on the prospects of deer for dinner either to hear or see the bear, notwithstanding her threatening aspect.

"'That's all right!' said Reuben Pettibone. 'Nature knows her business!'

"The deer went by the bushes a few yards, turned in her tracks like a flash, took a flying leap over her savage pursuer and returned on her back track. The panther turned and followed. Again the deer led him past the bushes, and again he swept along without seeing the bear that stood at the edge of the bushes ready to show him fight. The deer bounded on and entered the woods, but soon came flying back again, with the panther now dangerously close to her heels. This time she was headed straight for the bushes where the bear and her cubs were. As she neared them she slackened her pace.

"'Just as I knew it was going to be!' said Reuben Pettibone, watching the game, with his elbow on one knee and his chin resting in his hand. 'The deer is playing the bear against the panther. Very neat! My perspicacity, aided somewhat by nature, will reward me with much loot of the woods this day!'

"When the deer reached the bushes the panther was within one easy leap of her, and he crouched to make it as she paused. But he didn't make it. Straight over the bushes bounded the doe in the air, and right in front of the panther out of the thicket rose the fierce and gigantic form of the enraged bear. The suddenness of this change in the situation seemed to surprise the panther, but only for a moment.

"'He's out for blood,' said Reuben Pettibone, 'and if he can't get deer blood he'll take his chances with bear.'

"For a second and a half the panther lashed his long tail nervously on the ground, and then launched his big, lithe body at the bear, like a missile from a catapult. His claws were in the bear's shoulders and his red paws at her throat the next instant. But the huge bear folded the panther in her terrible embrace, and put all her strength in the compress. Reuben Pettibone heard the panther's bones crack and crunch within it, and, with mingled yells and howls, both bear and panther fell to the ground dead. The panther's long fangs had severed the bear's jugular and windpipe. The life had gone out of the panther in the bear's awful hug.

"When the panther and the bear came together the deer, that had so ably planned and deftly engineered the meeting, had stopped not two rods away and was an excited spectator of the result of her strategy. Her eyes blazed, she shook her head high in the air, stamped her feet, and relieved her feeling by staccato snorts. Her implacable foe, the panther, was in the toils of the equally savage bear, and she was enjoying herself.

"'But nature rather overreached herself in the deer,' my remarkable father used to say. 'If the deer had only some of my perspicacity, Praxiteles; some of my remarkableness, of which I could have spared a lot and yet been long of it, she would have fared better and I would have garnered well enough without even scenting the woods with powder. But nature ruled things in the deer, and, without me, nature showed weakness.

"When the two fierce combatants fell to the ground and rose no more, the deer approached them cautiously, sniffing and snorting, and stepping frequently to show her rage by stamping her feet on the ground. At last she came to where the two big beasts lay dead. She sniffed at the carcass of the panther. The hair on her neck rose erect, and she vented the fury that was in her by rising on her hind feet and striking the carcass with her sharp fore hoofs.

"'A pretty sight, Praxiteles,' Reuben Pettibone used to say, 'but unwise. I wanted that panther's skin, and I knew that the deer would soon rip it into worthlessness with her hoofs. So I was forced to shoot her. I shoot her where she stood. She never knew what hurt her. I was sorry to have to do it. She had saved her life by the sure and shrewd workings of nature, and she should had it. Lack of perspicacity was fatal to her, Praxiteles! A little too much of nature and not enough of me!'

"Reuben Pettibone captured the two bear cubs alive, and thus, with merely one shot, my remarkable father bagged a panther, a deer, and three bears. Have you ever heard its equal, Mackinaw? Do you blame the annals of the Sinnemahone for reverberating to this day with the echoes of that shot?"

The man in the red, green, blue, yellow, pink, and purple Mackinaw jacket yawned, and, turning to the man next him, said:

"Any signs o' coon up the creek yit?"

And the man from over Sinnemahoning way went home looking disappointed.

Some Things Some Boys Don't Know.

Grandmother always knew just the proper thing for a boy to do, and sometimes she would get her grandsons together, and, peering over the tops of her glasses severely, would say to them:

"Boys, if you want to be known as little gentlemen, remember that the following things should be done:

"Hat lifted in saying 'Good-by' or 'How do you do?'

"Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or acknowledging a favor.

"Keep step with any one you walk with.

"Always precede a lady upstairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

"Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

"Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

"In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated; also older people.

"Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand until she takes a seat.

"Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

"Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

"In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

"Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

"Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

"Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do.

"Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they go out. If all go out together gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

"Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

"Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

"Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

"Always knock at any private room door."

Why the Ocean Waves.

If familiarity does not always breed contempt, yet at least it generally breeds indifference. This is the case with most of us in regard to the rise and fall of the tide by the seashore, and so the problem as to whether the tide will serve conveniently to allow the children to dig in the sand or search for seaweed looms larger than that presented by the gigantic forces which now produce only these somewhat insignificant pulsations of the sea.

According to the law of universal gravitation, the moon attracts matter which stands near to her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the earth which is nearest the moon must be greater than that exercised on the solid earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the moon should apparently repel the water lying on the further side of the earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the moon, but results from the fact that on the further side the moon must attract the solid earth more strongly than it does the water. On the nearer side the moon pulls the water away from the earth, and on the further side she pulls the earth away from the water, thus producing an apparent repulsion of the water to an extent equal to the attraction on the other side. In this way there arises a tendency for the ocean to bulge equally toward and away from the moon, and to assume an egg-like shape.

That Man.

A good story is told of a busy man who leaves his home early in the morning and gets back after dark and rarely sees his children. One morning he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing outside the house.

He told him to go in, but the boy would not, so his father cuffed him and went on to work. The boy went in crying and his mother asked him what was the matter.

"Man hit me," said the boy.

"What 'man'?" said his mother.

"The man that stays here on Sundays."

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

There is a country that I know
Where all the year the roses grow,
And when it rains outside I play
In that fair country all the day.

And often in the evening, too,
Among the roses, pink and blue,
I gather 'round me all my band,
For I'm the King of Carpet Land.

Sometimes I build a fort of books
And from its wall my army looks,
To bravely meet its awful doom
When Fido charges down the room.

And auntie says she doesn't know
Another place blue roses grow,
And when she sees my sword so bright
She says I am her carpet knight.

DOROTHY'S LOST TEMPER

Suggestions by the Keeper of the Temper Pound.

"There," said Dorothy, thumping angrily down on the cushioned window seat,

A little old man was standing on the ground.

"I've done it again. I'm always doing it. I believe I'm the wickedest person in the whole world."

No wonder she was unhappy. To have a quick and peppery temper is bad enough, but to be forever losing it is worse. Again and again Dorothy had resolved not to lose her temper. But for some reason or other, she never succeeded, and her temper continued to jump out, like a jack-in-the-box, every time it got a chance.

Dorothy sat perfectly still for several minutes, with her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands.

"Other people don't lose their tempers so easily," she said to herself. "Something has got to be done about mine. It's gone again—that's plain enough—and I've either got to get the old one back or a new one in its place. The washerwoman's children never seem to lose their tempers. They are always smiling, and they don't have very much to smile about, either. I heard mamma say the other day that Kittie O'Brien has a lovely disposition. Oh, dear! why wasn't I born with such a disposition?"

Here Dorothy threw herself back on the window seat, wondering and wondering what she could do about her naughty temper, which was always getting lost. Then she concluded that perhaps she could think about it better out of doors, so she went out, and wandered along, and at last came to some woods that were near the house. Two or three squirrels came out and looked at her curiously. But she was too disheartened to notice anything. She was just about to cry again when something got in her way and almost tripped her up. She stooped to see what it was. As she did so the object moved. Dorothy started.

"Well," said a small voice, sharply, "you are not very polite."

Dorothy looked closer, and discovered a little old man standing on the ground at her feet. He had a tiny, wizened-up face and scowled at her fiercely.

"You wouldn't expect me to be," retorted Dorothy crossly, "if you knew all I've been through."

"All you've been through, indeed!" cried the little man. "You're a nice one to talk like that. I know you. I've had my eye on you ever since you were a baby. You are forever losing your temper."

"I can't help it," snapped Dorothy. "I was born that way."

"Ho, ho!" said the little old man; "born that way, indeed! I guess not. You were born all right and you have everything on earth to make a person happy. Everybody tries to please you, and yet you are as cross as two sticks."

"Dear me! I suppose two sticks are the very crossest things in the world," sighed Dorothy.

"Of course they are," answered the little man. "Particularly when one is laid right across the other."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," put in Dorothy, with a contrary toss of her head.

"Of course you don't said the small voice. "That's exactly the trouble. You lay yourself right across everything, and that's the reason you're so cross-grained. You've got to go parallel with things in this life if you want to have a good disposition. Now, with a temper like yours——"

"I haven't any temper," confessed Dorothy, shamefacedly. "That's what I'm so miserable about. I lost it again this morning."

"I know it. I've got it over at my place."

"Then you'll please give it right back to me," exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly. "You've no business walking off with people's tempers like that. It's stealing."

"Stealing—fudge! You had no business to lose it in the first place."

"Who are you, any way?"

"I'm the keeper of the temper pound," answered the little old man, proudly.

"The temper pound? What's that?"

"The place where lost tempers are kept, of course. Don't you remember when Skeesicks, your pug puppy was lost that your father found him at the dog pound?"

"Oh, yes, I remember about that. But I didn't know there was a pound for lost tempers."

"Certainly there is—why not? Come over and I'll show it to you."

Dorothy followed rather unwillingly. He led her to a rocky grotto—a sort of cave, only that it was shallow enough to be quite light.

"Well," sniffed Dorothy, "I don't see anything that surprises me."

"I wonder what you've got eyes for," returned the little keeper of the temper.

Just then Dorothy saw rows of queer, heart-shaped things hanging on the sides of the cave. The walls were entirely covered with them. Some were twisted and knotted almost out of their original shape; others appeared warped and withered, while not a few were big and prosperous-looking. But they were all unsightly on account of the ugly black spots which disfigured them.

Dorothy blushed hotly as she discovered one which would have been a very nice little heart if it hadn't been for the great number of discolored patches. They were almost as close as the freckles on Kittie O'Brien's nose. And in big letters, it was labeled "Dorothy."

"The black spots show the number of times people have been cross," explained the old man. "Then, when they lose their tempers altogether, I just take them and keep them here until the owners do what is necessary to get them back."

Dorothy couldn't bear the sight of those telltale black spots. She was mortified down to the very tips of her toes.

"Give it back to me at once," she demanded, angrily. "The idea of you taking what doesn't belong to you, like that!"

"You lose it—I find it. That's fair enough," said the old man, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Probably you don't know how often it hangs here."

"I'll see this is the last time," answered Dorothy.

She stood first on one foot and then on the other, trying to devise some means of getting her temper back. Presently the old man turned his back. Quick as a flash Dorothy made a spring and snatched at it. But she only cut her hands on a sharp rock. The temper was beyond her reach.

The little man burst into a loud laugh.

"Not so fast, my dear," he said, derisively, without even looking around.

"But I want it. I will have it!" Dorothy actually stamped her foot with rage.

"Look out!" and he pointed a warning forefinger toward the wall.

Dorothy looked up, and, sure enough, there was a new black spot appearing on her temper. She gave a litle sob.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," she said, brokenly.

"Now that's something like," sputtered the old man approvingly.

"I'm awfully ashamed," went on Dorothy, meekly, "and I'll try not to let any more come on it."

"Ha!" shouted the little old man, clambering up the rocky wall like a monkey. "I guess it's going to be all right. Here's your temper, my dear. You said you were sorry and going to do better, and that entitles you to have it back."

Dorothy took it joyfully, and immediately began to scrub industriously at the vexatious spots.

He watched her a minute or so in silence. Then he pushed up closer to her and said:

"Now, see here. I'll tell you a secret. All the scrubbing in the world won't take those spots off. But every time you feel angry just control yourself and don't allow a single cross word to slip out. Each time you do that a spot will disappear. That is the only way to get rid of them."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged," said Dorothy, meekly. "Now I'm going. Good-by."

"Goob-by. Remember the two sticks. Don't let your temper get at right angles or you'll lose it again and be as cross as they are."

Dorothy went a couple of steps, stopped, threw a kiss to the small gentleman, and then ran on. She was in such a hurry to get home she did not see a heavy branch covered with thorns lying directly across her path. The next minute down she went. It was a hard fall and she was all covered with twigs and burrs and dirt. But, notwithstanding all that, and bruises and scratches besides, she kept her temper. Dorothy was so pleased with herself she began to laugh.

Two little dimples that had never dared show themselves on any former similar occasion, now danced in her cheeks, as though falling down were the best sort of fun. Dorothy looked at her temper. One spot was fast fading away.

"They're going, they're going!" she shouted in glee, clapping her hands. As her hands came together she had a queer feeling, and she looked around, and there she was on the window seat where she had started out from. Just then her mother came into the room, laid her hand on Dorothy's head, and said:

"You have had a good nap, Dorothy. Don't you think now that you were foolish to lose your temper?"

"Oh, yes, I was, mamma. Foolish and wicked, too, I guess, and I'm never going to do it again."—New York Ledger.

1898 Bicycles Down to $5.00.

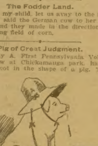
New 1898 Model Ladies and Gents' Bicycles are now being sold on easy conditions as low as $5.00; others outright at $13.95, and high-grade at $19.95 and $22.50, to be paid for after received. If you will cut this notice out and send to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, they will send you their 1898 Bicycle Catalogue and full particulars.

The Fodder Land.

"Come, my shild, let us away to the fodderland," said the German cow to her offspring, and they made in the direction of the waving field of corn.

Pig of Great Judgment.

Company A, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, now at Chickamauga park, has a new mascot in the shape of a pig. This



SOLDIERS' BRIGHT MASCOT.

pig hails from the sunny southland, wears a huge sombrero, and is fast acquiring a military education. When you say "Cuba" he grunts, but when Dewey is mentioned he squeals.

"IF I DIDN'T FORGET HOW OLD I WAS."

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

If I didn't forget how old I was,
Do you think I'd act like I often does?
Do you think I'd swing on the front yard
gate,
If I could remember that I was eight?

If I didn't forget how soon I'd grow
To be a big man like Uncle Joe,
Do you think my pa would have to scold
'Cuz I didn't do what I was told?

Do you think I'd set my ma so wild,
An' act so much like a little child,
If I didn't forget I was half-past eight?
An' would Miss Brown have to keep me
late?

Miss Brown said I was "a little fiend,"
An' I don't know what the old thing
meaned;
But she said 'twas becus I played so rough,
An' it made my ma just cry—sure 'nough.

If I didn't forget, do you s'pose that I
Would ever act so as to make her cry?
And don't you suppose I'd behave just fine
If I didn't forget I was going-on nine?

If I could remember, do you suppose,
I wouldn't take care of my Sunday clo'es?
An' would I get mad at my Cousin Ben
Without getting right away good again?

Pa says he believes I was just born bad,
An' Uncle Joe says that I'm "like my dad,"
An' Aunt Lou says she don't suppose
I'll ever be better, but ma—she knows,

An' she hugs me close with a kiss, becuz
She says, "I forgot how old I was."

The Green Bell Boy.

"H-rr-di!" went the electric call bell in the office of the Genesee hotel, relates the Buffalo News.

"Bang!" went the desk gong.

Up went the green bell boy, who was black, to answer a summons from a lady in one of the upper-story rooms who was getting ready to go to a fancy-dress ball.

There was a hurried door-crack interview, a white bare hand and arm reached out and deposited a shining coin in the dusky palm of the servant, who said, "Yessum" several times, then glided swiftly down the stairs, turned up somewhat breathless at the hotel drug store a few moments later and approached the youth who serves sizzles at the soda water fountain.

"No," said the drug clerk, after due investigation. "We haven't any left. You might try the drug store down below the Tifft house."

Away went the bell boy, and before long he might have been seen once more climbing the stairs to the lady's room bearing a compact package of creamy yellow color about the size of a brick.

There was a knock on the door.

"Did you get it?" asked a feminine voice from within.

"Yessum."

"How much was it?"

"A quart," replied the bell boy.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the voice, and then the bare white hand and arm reached out again and there came the command: "Let me see it."

The package was transferred. An astonished giggle was promptly followed by a peal of hearty but musical laughter. "Why, you black goose," said the voice that had laughed, "take this and eat it yourself. I wanted 'cold cream' and not ice cream."

An Army and Navy

Memorandum book is what you have been wanting. The Northern Pacific has it. It contains cut of the Maine, map of Cuba, list of U. S. and Spanish naval vessels, illustrations of U. S. and Spanish ships, glossary of navy and army words, table of distances, commanders of U. S. ships and army corps, list of U. S. regiments and their commanders and other information very useful and valuable at this time.

The book contains 80 pages, fits the vest pocket and is up to date.

Send Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R., St. Paul, Minn., ten cents and the book is yours.

A Useful White Elephant.

When a monk of great sanctity dies in Burma, his body embalmed and inclosed in a rich casket, when it is looked upon for several months as an object of great interest and reverence. Finally it is placed

PRIEST'S FUNERAL CORTEGE.

on the back of a white elephant and borne to a fragrant funeral pyre, where it is burned with much ceremony. The huge elephant on which the coffin has been placed is cunningly constructed of wicker, paper and tinsel, until it resembles to a wonderful degree the live animal.

Alberta Sheep or Cattle Ranch for Sale

One of the best ranches in district of Calgary, Alberta, with first-class dwelling, sheep sheds, cow sheds, stables and all buildings, pastures and plant of a well-appointed sheep ranch. Well-watered range for 5,000 head of sheep or an equivalent in cattle. Four miles from postoffice—seven miles from railway station.

Ranch for sale with or without furniture of nine-room house, ranch plant, 12 horses, 25 head of cattle, and 1,500 head of stock sheep. For particulars apply to

F. WHITE,
Merino Ranch, Mitford Alberta.

How She Looked at It.

Mr. Short—My dear Miss Kate, I have a very serious question I wish to ask you.

Miss Long—What is it, pray?

Mr. Short—Will you marry me?

Miss Long (scornfully)—Do you call that serious, Mr. Short? Why, I don't think I ever heard anything so ridiculous.

Little Clay-Eaters Muzzled.

In certain parts of Tennessee and North Carolina the people are so addicted to earth-eating, or "geophagy," as scientists call it, that the children are now muzzled

NO MORE ARSENIC-POISONED EARTH FOR THEM.

by school teachers, who have taken the matter in hand, to prevent them from acquiring the habit in youth.

From the hour of their birth they acquire a craving for clay that nothing else will satisfy. This vice of "geophagy" is in the long run fatal, producing dropsy and other serious ailments. Those thoroughly in its grasp are judged worthless. The school boards, who have now taken the matter in hand, seek to curb this mud-devouring propensity by means of a wire mask or muzzle.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

60c. GOLD SHIRT SET, 15c.
Our 1898 Introduction Offer.

A complete shirt set for either lady or gentleman, all of heaviest 14k rolled gold plate which cannot be bought in any store in the U. S. for less than 60c.
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THIS OFFER ALMOST SURPASSES BELIEF
AN EXTERNAL TONIC APPLIED TO THE SKIN. BEAUTIFIES IT AS BY MAGIC.
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FROM OUT THE SHADOWS

By LYDA HOWARD WRIGHT

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SYNOPSIS.

Ella Marston and Sir Rutherford, of The Oaks, old schoolmates, meet near Miss Rutherford's home. Ella has a cousin, Mrs. Marston, a child being fair and flashy minded, with two daughters. She and Mrs. Rutherford, in spitefully deformed Jack Rutherford, a hunchback, who, as young men, had contracted a debt. Marston that he could not marry Ella, as she was dead, she had raised away from the room when she had truly loved, and that he still loved Stanard. The disfurnity at Stills Philip she held was a trick to get rid of her. Ella's brother Jack Richard and Marston's daughter Ruth, sefard are grown into a friendship which ended in a love affair.

An orphan niece, a beautiful young woman, comes to live in The Oaks. She is from The Oaks from a blind old nun and Mrs. Marston. Sir Rutherford and Mrs. Marston, who, of late, gives them money. Richard Marston, a cousin of Ella's, has fallen in love with the orphan girl, as he pursues the county of Cora and Philip. Philip takes to fast ways and Marston, Mrs. Rutherford dies, and Cora's father, Sir Rutherford, is dead and Cora refuses to marry Philip. Mrs. Marston, Philip goes to Chicago and forges the signatures of Dennis Morris, a wealthy man. Little Nell is lost. The lost girl is found at Stetson parsonage. Jack, who is studying for the law, falls in love with Hilda Stetson and was refused permission for her hand in marriage. The colonel's daughter, Ella, is in love with Richard but she was also in his company as old woman. Jack Marston discovers that Hilda, the girl he loves, is his sister. She is taken home by her parents. Where she met Cora. Jack's father then takes his custody defiance to the Marston home. Philip appears in court and tells Mrs. Stetson Compson that the child she has been caring for is not her own but that of Harmon Cook's sister who died to death. Jack, while in Chicago, saves Brenda Morris' life.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I came to inquire after your mother," Philip said when Jack came in. "I was shocked to learn that she is seriously ill."

"My mother is no father's affairs and it is his wife," "Will you come up to the house?" Jack asked, ignoring the sneer. "No," was the reply, "I will stay down here. Tell him how much I feel for him and to call upon me if I can do anything for him. Good night."

"Thank you," said Jack. "Good night."

Philip turned and went on his way home. Jack entered the house and went to his father's room, where he found Dr. Hall and the family physician in consultation. The latter was the first to speak.

"I am glad you have come, now I look to them for a consultation in this fight of life and death. Your mother is dangerously ill, and I am sorry to say that I see no chance for her recovery. She has been suffering for a long time with a complication of diseases, and the shock of your sister's disappearance has proved too much for her. She has been delirious for the past two days, and I am afraid that she will not live through the night."

Jack sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He was completely overcome by the doctor's words. He had not realized that his mother was so ill, and the shock was almost more than he could bear. He remained in this position for a few minutes, and then, rising, went to his mother's room. She was lying with her eyes closed, and her face was flushed with fever. Jack sat down beside her bed and watched her for a long time. Then he went to his own room and threw himself upon the bed, where he lay for hours, thinking of the past and trying to plan for the future.

The next day his mother was worse, and Jack did not leave the house. He sent word to the office that he would not be down for several days, and remained at home, watching by his mother's bedside. Mrs. Stetson came over and relieved him for a few hours, but he returned in the afternoon and remained with his mother until late in the evening

TIMELY HEALTH HINTS.

BY DR. QUACK SMITH.

The man who exercises proper care for his health will refrain from work during the heated season of the year. Farm hands have long understood and applied this hygienic principle. Instinct alone will tell a man not to work in warm weather; there can be no more potent cause of "that tired feeling." Besides, the days are longer during the summer. This fact directly concerns the farm hand, who always recklessly disregards the eight-hour plan. After a hard day's work he is apt to contract the habit of going to bed early, and society is the loser.

Young men employed in offices should do as little actual work as possible during the summer months. Take a day or two off whenever possible. Your employer will never object to your taking a day off to attend the funeral of a relative. The mortality among grandmothers is something wonderful on the dates of ball games, circuses, and century runs.

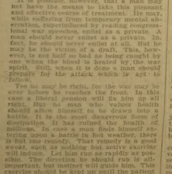
A man would be very careless of his health who would enlist in the army when there is any prospect of war. Even if all the effete governments of Europe should unite against the United States, a man should remember that his health is of the first importance. A great many men exercise an almost marvelous self-control in holding themselves back when the tyrannical voice of their country calls. Sometimes a draft may be resorted to, and a man may feel that he is really and truly run down. In such a case an immediate change of climate is imperatively demanded. The climate of Canada is one of the most congenial known. A sensation of security comes over a man as soon as he enters Canadian dominions. In fact, it is noticeable immediately on crossing the boundary line.

It is possible, however, that a man may not have the means to take this pleasant and effective course of treatment. He may, while suffering from temporary mental aberration, superinduced by reading congressional war speeches, enlist as a private. A man should never enlist as a private. In fact, he should never enlist at all. But he may be the victim of a draft. This, however, is not half so bad as being caught by one when the blood is heated by the war spirit. Still, when it is done a man should prepare for the attack which is apt to follow.

Yes he may be right, for the war may be over before he reaches the front. In this case a liberal pension will fix him up all right. But no man who values health should allow himself to be drawn into a battle. It is the most dangerous form of dissipation. It has ruined the health of millions. In case a man finds himself entering upon a battle in hot weather, there is but one remedy. That remedy is a good sweat, such as nothing but active exercise will induce. Let him run as rapidly as possible. The direction he should run is all-important, but instinct will guide him. This exercise should be kept up until the patient finds himself in a nice, profuse perspiration. Pores will be opened that have been closed up for years. Air cells in the lungs that have not tasted air since boyhood will be forced into action, and thus consumptive tendencies will be avoided.

We pay too little attention to hygiene, and if the foregoing advice conduces to the health and longevity of anyone, the writer will feel amply rewarded.—Up-to-Date.

Bravo!



First Spaniard—Yes, I walked straight up to the Cuban and cut off his legs.

Second Spaniard—Why not his head?

First Spaniard—Because that was already off!

Reading Greeley's Copy.

Printers revel in tales of the palmy days of the craft before the machines came around. One of the comps in the News office has a scrap book of good things that have been printed about the craft.

One of the best is about the old printer who used to set Horace Greeley's manuscript. He got so elevated about his proficiency that the rest of the boys could not stand it. They got two game roosters, inked their feet and set them fighting on sundry sheets of Horace's copy paper. The resulting copy was given to the old printer who could set Horace, and to the dismay of the office he set it down to the last word, and there agreed that he was stuck.

He took the copy down to Mr. Greely, who promptly pronounced the print of a rooster's wing "unconstitutional," averring with many characteristic damns that a blind man could read it.

Doctor Would Attend to That.

Spick—I'm afraid of being buried alive.
Cpan—Who is your doctor?
Spick—Doctor Kurenon.
Span—There's no danger.

Professor Was Stranded.

An itinerant college "professor," as he styled himself, was stranded in a little backwoods settlement, and in order to raise cash enough to help him farther on the road he proposed a Shakespeare club for the literary diversion of the citizens, says the Atlanta Constitution.

"It's like those they have in the cities," he explained, "and if you folks want to keep up with the procession you must have one, too."

About a dozen applied for membership, and were in the hall early, waiting for the professor, who was late in getting there.

When he did arrive, after stating the object of the meeting, he proposed to give them samples of Shakespearean acting. He began with "Hamlet," then tackled "Macbeth," and "Richard III."

There was no applause from his audience while he was perspiring through the various acts; in fact, the audience was very serious, and he noticed little groups forming here and there and engaging in whispered conversations.

Finally a man went forward, took the professor by the arm, and said:

"You'd better come with me, pardner; don't be afeard—we ain't gwine ter hurt you; it's all for your own good, so come erlong, now."

"What do you mean?" asked the frightened professor.

"That's all right, pardner; jest come on quiet, an' you'll fin' out what we're after. We ain't gwine ter tie you, unless we has ter."

By this time several had hold of him, and he was hustled out of the building to a room in the rear of a grocery store, where he was guarded by several citizens until morning. Then he was taken before the ordinary of the county, under full guard.

"He's one er them thar lunatics what jumped the asium lately," explained the spokesman of the crowd. "The way he went on in the meetin' las' night was orful. Pitchin' an' rearin' an' hollerin' an' pullin' at his hair like he wanted ter git his head off. We had ter keep him under close guard all night, fer fear he'd hurt hisself."

"I knowed all erbout it," said the ordinary. "I wuz in the meetin' myself, but escaped early. What have you to say fer yerself, sir?"

"I was only trying to form a Shakespeare club when——"

"It's my opinion," interrupted the ordinary, "that what you needs most is a hickory club. I'm goin' ter instruct this yere jury ter fin' you guilty of lunacy in the fust degree, an' may the Lord have mercy on your soul. You'll kill somebody, ef you ain't taken keer on, an' now that we've got you we're gwine ter keep you."

It was in vain the prisoner protested. He was "a gone case," and if the high judge of the county court hadn't arrived just in the nick of time, and given him ten minutes to leave town, he would have boarded the next train for the lunatic asylum.

A Contrast.

Mr. Dapper is one of that class of men who are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, but who never fail to leave chaos behind them in the scene of their preparations. A neighbor recently called on Mrs. Dapper and remarked:

"One rarely sees a more well-kept man than your husband. He always looks as if he had just come out of a bandbox."

"Very true," returned Mrs. Dapper, "but"—with a sigh—"you ought to see the bandbox!"

Punishment Enough.

Julia Shea—Phwat pinance did Father McCarthy give yez phwin yez towld him yez kissed me?

Mike Ryan—Divil th' bit. He sed Oi hod done me pinance at th' toime!

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

Badger Bill was dissatisfied with things in general, and as he took his seat in front of his sod shanty one morning in July, he was hardly in the humor to indulge in cheerful conversation.

Presently a stranger who was riding along the trail drew rein and spoke to Bill.

"Good morning, my friend," he said.

"Howdy," responded Bill.

"Looks as if we were going to have a fine day?"

"Looked that way the day the cyclone came."

"Ah! Are cyclones frequent here?"

"It's bin most a week since the last one come."

"What do you do when a cyclone comes?"

"Git blowed away."

"That must be terrible," remarked the stranger. "I should think you would live in a state of mental worry and dreadful apprehension all the time in such a country."

"Huh?"

"I should think you would be in constant fear of these cyclones."

"Ye wouldn't have time if ye seed one a-comin'."

"I suppose not. So you have been blown away by a cyclone, you say?"

"Ye've sed it."

"I should think the sensations at such a time would be terrible."

"I wouldn't be blowed away agin fer fifty dollars."

"I should say not. What did you think when you found yourself being whirled away in the clutches of the dreadful tornado?"

"Thought I was bein' blowed away."

"Did any thoughts of death come to you in those awful moments?"

"I dunno; I was perty bizy prayin' an' lookin' fer a soft place ter light."

"Ah! You had time to utter a brief prayer, then?"

"Yes, it was perty brief. As I riz up I sez, 'Do unter others,' an' as I sez that I goes a-scootin' over the ridge a mile north. 'As ye'd have 'em do ter you,' sez I an' 'fore I could say 'Amen,' it chucks me down in Stinkin' Crick, three miles away."

"Yours was a most thrillin' experience; I should think you would not live in such a country."

"If it war jist the cyclones I wouldn't care."

"Why, what have you here that can be worse?"

"Better ask what we've got here that's better."

"You surprise me."

"They s'prised me. Thar's the half-breeds from the Injun territory, an' the desperadoes, they sp'ile the society by comin' over the line every month a-stealin' hosses an' mutilatin' the settlers!"

"Heavens! I wouldn't live in such a place."

"Then there ain't no water."

"But you might dig a well?"

"Yas, if I war crazy."

"Then you think there can be no water got here?"

"Thar's plenty uv water if ye go deep enough."

"Ah, I see. It is very deep to the water?"

"Them fellers that bored the artishun well at Barger City war over, an' they 'lowed that water can be got. Two uv 'em figered it up, an' they both agreed that thar is water, but they disagrees on the depth."

"Was there any great difference?"

"Only a quarter uv er mile."

"Great gosh, man! Can that be possible?"

"Want the job uv diggin' me a well?"

"Hardly. It's no wonder you are dissatisfied with the country."

"I ain't through yit. But—say, stranger, ye don't want ter buy no claim, I reckon?"

"Well, I was thinking of doing so, but since you have told me——"

"Great mus'rats, stranger! can it be that I have made sich a mistake!" cried Bill, sitting down on the sod and wiping his face with his coat sleeve. "I reckon it wouldn't be no use fer me ter tell ye that I was only jokin' about the cyclones?"

"No."

"Ye wouldn't b'lieve me if I sed them half-breeds had bin converted an' j'ined the church?"

"Hardly."

"Ye'd 'low I war tryin' ter deceive ye if I sed that thar's plenty uv good water on this claim, an' that it tuck the ole woman an' one uv the boys ter bail it out while I wer duggin' post holes?"

"Yes—I'd have to believe your first statement."

"That settles it. Say, stranger," he went on, as the man was riding away, "if ye hear a sound like somebody a-playin' on a saxyfone with a cold in its hed, an' someone a-drivin' piles fer a bridge at the same time, don't git alarmed none, fer it'll jist be the ole woman tryin' ter pound some sense inter my head!"

He Was Willing.

Miss Yallergal—Mistah Thomson, would yo' be willin' teh fight a duel foh me?

Mr. Thomson—Why, cert'nly, Miss Yallergal; who's de woman whut's dun challenged yo'?

Fatal Frivolity.

Jack and his two pretty cousins happened to be walking along in front of a drug store.

"I wonder," said Ethel, "if, astronomically speaking, Uncle Henry's son is in the right sign for ice cream soda!"

"I'm afraid not," replied Gwendolen, with her eye on the youth. "I don't see any signs of the soda act."

Jack groaned and marched them fiercely past the drug store by way of punishment.

Jilkins—That Miss Waldo is a fine-looking girl, she has such a candid expression.
Bilkins—She ought to have, her father's a confectioner.

Cumulative Misfortune.

"Day before yesterday," groaned the young woman who was just starting from the Pacific coast for a five days' trip eastward, "I traveled fifty miles in a stage coach. All day yesterday I rode on the back of a mule. But this is worst of all!"

"What is?"

"I've got the upper berth!"

How Can Such Things Be!

Hobo Harold—Great snakes, Willie, lis'en ter dis! De paper sez dat a distillery burned down las' night an' destroyed five t'ousand barrels o' w'isky. An' yet sum people sez dere's a God!

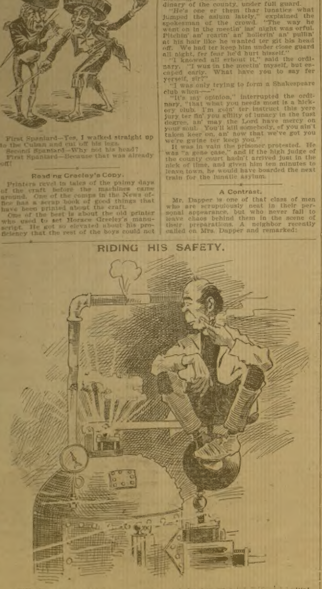
THE KODAK

I took her in a picture hat,
She scolded me about the pose,
I took her sitting on a mat,
I took her smelling at a rose.

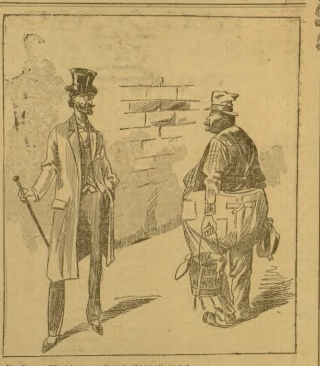
In every way, in every place,
I took her. Still she pointed at
The proofs. It was not like her face,
She hadn't such a nose as that!

Failing to reproduce her charms,
What else was left (yet fearing quite)
At last I took her in my arms,
And then, it seemed, the pose was right!
—Brooklyn Life.

RIDING HIS SAFETY.



O'Hoo[illegible]gan—Now, phwat do that boardin' school dauther av mine mane by writin' home [illegible]ast she do so enjoy bein' on her safety? Divil a bit of pleasure do Oi be gittin' out av moine!



Mr. Brown—What have you there in that pail, uncle?
Uncle Reuben—Jimmy; he's been playin' 'round dem 'lectric cars again.

Had Them in Stock.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, the exact date doesn't matter, says Truth, the only store in a certain Vermont village was kept by Abraham Frost, or "Uncle Abe," as everybody called him.

Uncle Abe was a character, dry as a patent office report and sharp as a newly-honed razor, and what he didn't have in that rambling, old-fashioned store of his wasn't worth keeping—or selling, either. So Uncle Abe allowed, and whenever some smart young man, of whom there are always plenty in a country village, tried to catch him by asking for some improbable thing, the shrewd storekeeper generally came out on top of the heap by triumphantly producing the article.

One day a young man of this kind was chafing Uncle Abe about his extensive stock of goods, and he finally offered to wager $10 that he could ask for something that could not be found in his store.

"I'll take that bet, young man," said Uncle Abe, quick as a flash; "that is, provided ye ask fer somethin' that is used around these diggin's."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply; "I know of a number of them in use within half a dozen miles of here."

"That's all I want to know," said Uncle Abe. "There's a sawbuck fer ye; now kiver it, an' then fire away."

The storekeeper laid a ten-dollar bill on the counter, young Mr. Fresh promptly covered it with a greenback of the same denomination; a two-pound weight was placed on the bills to hold them down, and then, winking blandly at the crowd looking on, the young man turned to the merchant and said:

"Well, Uncle Abe, I see you're all ready to wait on me, so I guess you can do me up a second-hand pulpit if you've got one in stock."

"Pulpit, eh? Sure it's a pulpit you want?" said Uncle Abe, scratching his head as if greatly puzzled.

"Yes, sir; that's what I called for, and that is precisely what I want."

"Won't nothin' but a pulpit do ye, eh?"

"No, sir; either trot out your pulpit or hand over these two ten-dollar bills, I'm not particular which."

"All right, sonny; if ye'r' dead sure it's a pulpit ye'r' sufferin' fer, I reckon I kin accommodate ye," drawled Uncle Abe, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. Then turning to his clerk he said:

"Jake, just take the hand-truck and wheel that air second-hand pulpit in from the back room. I bought it when the old orthodox church was torn down a dozen or fifteen years ago, and I've kept it on hand ever since, thinkin' I might get a chance to sell it to some durned idjit or other, an'—what's your hurry, sonny? Ain't you going to wait to see that pulpit?"

But young Mr. Fresh had vanished through the doorway followed by shouts of laughter from the crowd, and after Uncle Abe had raked both ten-dollar bills into the cash drawer, he called out:

"I say, there, Jake, ye needn't mind about bringin' out that air pulpit I sent ye fer. The young man has changed his mind about takin' it, I reckon."

Reading Character.

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit.

Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest.

Dribbler—Modest? What about?

Scribbler—About his spelling.

The Richest Woman in the World.

The richest woman in the world is probably Senora Cousino, who owns most of the copper mines in Chili and Peru. She is supposed to be worth £20,000,000, while her annual income is believed to reach £1,600,000. Her personal characteristics are thus summed up: "She is about 55 years old, tall, dark and still beautiful."

As Katie Understood It.

"You've talked enough now, Katie," said her mother. "Children should be seen and not heard."

"You heard what mamma said," protested Katie an hour or two later, when the nurse was trying to persuade her it was time to go to bed. "Children should be serene and not hurried."

On the Boulevard.

Ethel—I hear Mrs. De Peyster has just lost her husband.

Grace—Yes, poor dear; but you should see how perfectly stunning she looks in black bloomers.

The Greater includes the less. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures hip diseases and scrofula sores and it may be depended upon to cure boils and pimples and humors of all kinds.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Cure sick headache, break up a cold.

Her Average Good.

She—Do you recollect the night that you proposed to me? I bent my head and didn't say anything.

He—Quite right, but you've made up for it since.

A NIGHT OUT WITH THE BOYS.

When War Was Declared.

He—This pie is just like that my mother used to bake.

He—Yes; that was what made me run away from home when I was a boy.

Mrs. Mulligan—Dinnis, th' goat got in th' house today and devoured yez biled shirt and yez collars and cuffs.

Mr. Mulligan—Be hivens, Oi'll take the starch out ov that goat tonight, or me name is not Dinnis Mulligan!